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The BYSTANDER

Winter Sports Number

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The Bystander, November 20, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1666. Vol. CXXVIII.

"Tovarich"

These two, Cedric Hardwicke and Eugenie Leontovich, have made one of the big acting successes of the year in "Tovarich," Robert Sherwood's brilliant version of the Jacques Deval play. The run started last April, and still seats at the Lyric need foresight to come by. Of all the distinguished foreigners who've graced the London stage this year, the Russian actress from Broadway has created the most certain English future for herself as long as she likes to stay this side of the Atlantic

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 129 Sir Charles Higham

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

CHARLES HIGHAM was born in Walthamstow, but he is more high-powered than any American I have ever met. He talks 240 to the minute, but even at this rate he cannot keep up with his thoughts. The extraordinary fact is that he is one of the best-informed men in Great Britain, and yet nobody has ever caught him listening to anyone else. With his walnut-shaped eyes, well-kept hands, silver hair, stiff cuffs, loquacity and audacity he is the high priest of business hypnotism. He can hypnotise his clients, the public and himself. He can even hypnotise his partner at contract, at which, with the exception of Gilbert Frankau, he is probably the most dangerous player in the country. "Oh, well, five no-trumps," he will say. "I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

Emigrating to the United States at the age of twelve, he had nineteen different jobs—as chemist's assistant, jeweller's ditto, reporter, reception clerk, cartoonist, and so on, in nineteen years. No wonder he knows exactly what appeals to the trouser-pockets of the man in the street.

In 1912 he made up his mind to be a Knight and an M.P.; to own a Rolls Royce; to have a flat in Savoy Court, and a cottage in the country. Within twelve years each of these dreams had come true, together with a son, now aged four and the apple of his eye. It is typical of the man that he had never thought about an heir.

As the Conservative Member for South Islington he made only four speeches in four years, totalling fourteen minutes. That also is typical of his contradictory character. He will put up a poster of his own features in the Strand measuring twenty feet by fourteen, and yet he has never started a round of golf from the first tee. (He has to go to the eighth, where no one will see him.) He never takes exercise—being too busy making successes for himself and others. Yet, though he is more exuberant than any other man of sixty in the country, he was C3 in 1914, and was told that he had only ten years to live. He believes that he is master of his Fate—but always takes care not to walk under step-ladders. He is as bold as brass, and as sensitive as an opera singer. He has no clock in his office, but is always more than punctual. Though an Englishman he served in the Spanish-American War, and for years was a member of the New York National Guard.

His mannerisms include a habit of brushing away imaginary crumbs from the table-cloth and of giving a courtly "Good-morning, sir" to insignificant strangers. He regards a sense of humour as merely a sense of values, and so does not believe in humorous advertisements. His speeches are always extempore, and always aimed to please the women members of his audience.

He is a good flatterer because he generally believes everything he says or writes. He is a good business man because he brings a completely absorbed personality to each and every client. He is a good citizen because he has a passion for orderliness in everything.

Peter North

Lady Mary Herbert

Chairman of the Red Cross Ball

Lady Mary Herbert is the Earl and Countess of Ilchester's elder daughter, married Major John Herbert in 1924, and lives in Wales most of the time. She is the chairman of the Red Cross Ball, which is always one of the best charity events of the autumn and is planned this year for November 27th, at Grosvenor House. Lady Mary Herbert's younger sister, Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, will be eighteen next year and one of the most important of the 1936 debutantes

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

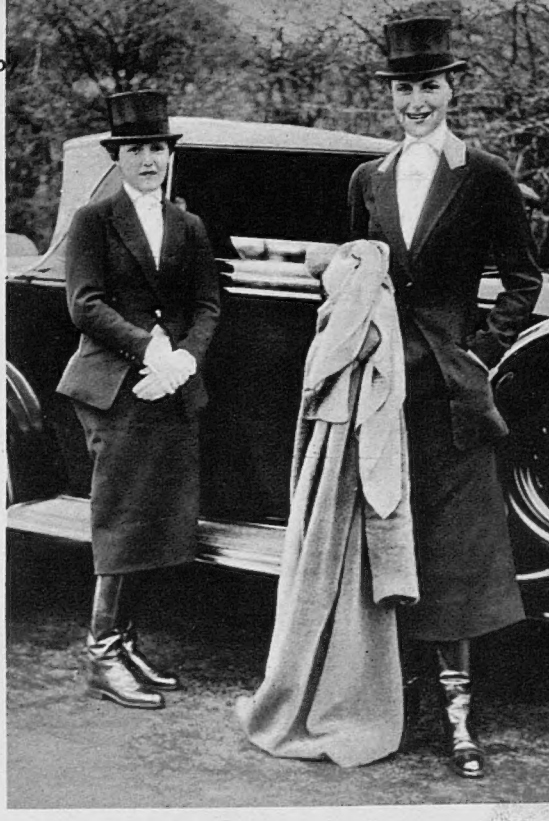
SIR HENRY WOOD

Here's a new picture of the "Prom. King," who was back at the Queen's Hall last Wednesday, conducting a B.B.C. symphony concert. In December he'll be there again, taking charge of the Christmas Prom. Season of twelve concerts, one of the B.B.C.'s most successful innovations. This twinkling-eyed, bearded man of sixty-six entered public life as a deputy-organist when he was ten. His long career has been passionately devoted not only to music, but to music as it could and should be heard by the listener with only a shilling or two to spend. His undefeatable energy, enthusiasm, and humanity have made him one of the best-loved conductors alive

Miss Marjorie Biddulph

Left: Marjorie Biddulph was at the Beaufort meet at Westonbirt. She is the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Biddulph's only daughter; her parents live at Cirencester, a Biddulph centre

Right: Lady Nuttall, Sir Keith Nuttall's wife, and Mrs. J. D. Player were out with the Belvoir when they met at Coston, near Melton



Lady Nuttall and Mrs. Player

The Country Scene

Has Its November Focus In Hunting

Miss Charlotte Younger and Lord Reay

Lord Reay (a "Scottish Eligible") and Miss Charlotte Younger announced their engagement last week. She is the daughter of the late William Younger, and Mrs. Younger, of Ravenswood, Melrose. Lord Reay, who has that grand Christian name, Æneas, has a place in Holland, and is Chief of the Clan Mackay

Left:

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were photographed with the Woodland Pytchley at East Carlton. They are still at Boughton House, near Kettering, which the Duke of Buccleuch lent them for the first part of their honeymoon

What Degree Had She?

Mr. R. Profumo and Lady Warwick went to Grosvenor House on the opening night of the new "Un Peu de Paris" show, the Countess wearing a scholastic cloak of black velvet and ermine

The Crown Prince of Sweden Went to Grosvenor House

And sat between Lady Macmillan and Lady Milford Haven at supper, the occasion being the première of the new cabaret. The Crown Prince of Sweden is an expert on Chinese art, and it's the great Exhibition opening on November 28th that has brought him to London. His wife is Lord Milford Haven's sister

THE LONDON

Mostly Election Week Parties and

Photographs by Swaebe

The New King's Cousin at the Carlton

Mrs. Alex Soldatenkov and Prince Peter of Greece were in a Carlton party on extension night. Prince Peter is a cousin of the King of the Hellenes, who left London last week for his Kingdom

Fay Wray Danced at the May Fair

Fay Wray had Hugh Longden as her partner at the May Fair; she went to see the new cabaret there. She is starring with Jack Buchanan in his new film, "Come Out of the Pantry," which goes to the London Pavilion next week

Right: Lady Suirdale and Hugh O'Connor were in the same party at the Ritz on extension night last week. Her husband is Lord Donoughmore's elder son

Plain and Prize Clothes at the Graphic Arts Fancy Dress Ball

The two in plain clothes are Lloyd Dolbey and Patricia Stock, Mrs. Vernon Tate's second daughter, who are engaged. The two in fancy dress are A. Campbell Wright and Betty Maclean, who won the fancy-dress prizes. The ball, which was at the Dorchester, was in aid of Printers' Pensions

SCENE

Premières and People

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Morton Weir is the wife of Lord Inverforth's only son; she and Mr. H. Middleton were photographed at the Carlton

Right: artist C. R. W. Nevinson talked to pianist Mark Hambourg at the private view of the former's "Back to Nature" exhibition at Cooling's Galleries. Mr. Nevinson has not only changed his style and written a catalogue preface rebuking his former self, but sold half his pictures on the opening day

Nevinson and Hambourg

The Hon. Mrs. Morton Weir and Mr. H. Middleton

At a Dancer's Farewell

At "The Tunnel" Première

Left: the Hon. Lionel Montagu and Lady Carnarvon went to the first showing of "The Tunnel," the Jules Vernesque thriller at the Tivoli

Above: Miss Mainwaring and Lady Forres were in the audience at the Hippodrome for Phyllis Bedells' matinée when she made her last appearance as a dancer

Poppy Day Sale

Lord Jellicoe, who is vice-president of the British Legion, bought his Armistice Day poppy from his youngest daughter, Lady Prudence Jellicoe, on his way to the Cenotaph service

The Youngest National Candidate and His Sister

Lord Duncannon, Lord Bessborough's son, had his sixteen-year-old sister, Lady Moyra Ponsonby, to help him in West Islington. He lost to the former Labour Under-Secretary for Air

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" in Society

WOULD-BE candidates, suffering from black eyes and hoarse voices, have disappeared from our little world during the last few weeks. All the girls are tired. "Canvassing for Bobbie," "Do come and help Hubert," "I've lent my car to Bill," that's the sort of excuse to get you out of a dull invitation.

At the moment excitement runs high: people who never gamble are buying majorities, and no one knows a thing. By Friday, long before these words appear, the suspense will be over, and whatever happens, most of us will have done what we can for what we believe to be our country's good.

At the very end of this article you will probably find a very tired description of Mr. Selfridge's great Election party, and if it is written with eyes propped open with matches at four or five a.m., at least we shall have done our best.

The Toast of the Town

IT was "Eddie" Tatham (of course) who first called Harry Roy "Prince Pearl," and we noticed him among the throng at the May Fair last Monday. Poor "Prince Pearl" waved a weary baton, having been filming all day, but his band was as good as ever.

We talked to beautiful Fay Wray and her husband, Mr. John Monk Saunders, who is engaged on the scenario of *Lawrence of Arabia*. She has just finished *When Knights Were Bold*, with Jack Buchanan, and is a most decorative addition to the film colony over here. Virginia Cherrill is another, hardly an "addition"; "the toast of the town" is a better description for this lovely blonde. Her mother has just arrived from the States, so Miss Cherrill has taken a larger flat, and Mrs. Nick Prinsep has moved into the one she has vacated in Grosvenor Square.

An Eye On Hollywood

Clive Brook and his wife we met at Helen Gilliland's flat-cooling cocktail-party in Portman Square. It's a lovely flat, and she must hate leaving it, but she has an eye on New York or Hollywood, so we hear.

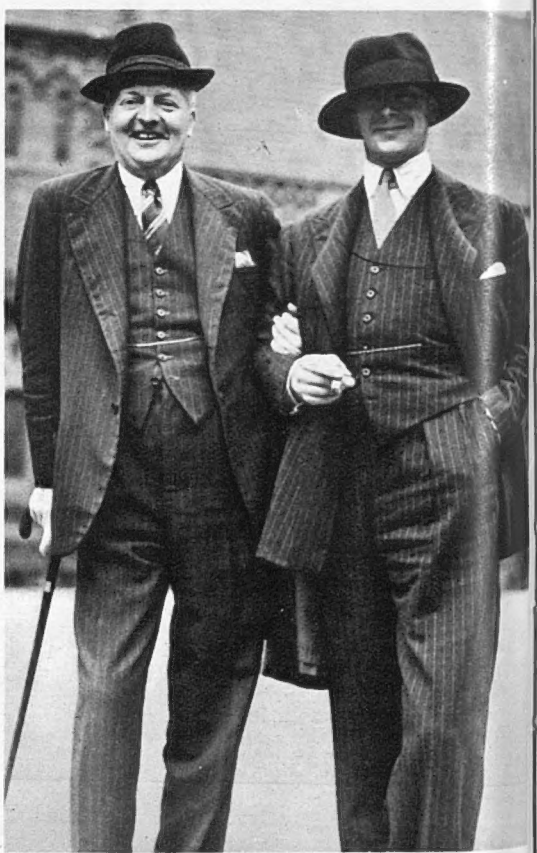
Before quitting the subject of stars, we must mention one more, little Bessie Love, who was discovered against a pleated silk background in the dim light of the Four Hundred Club one night last week.

To return for a moment to last Monday at the May Fair. There is the best cabaret turn of the moment there in the person of Rudi Grasl. He is an Austrian, with much charm and an engaging personality, who makes noises with his mouth like every known musical instrument. Finally, he imitates an entire band. He is quite fantastic and likely to become a rage.

A Very Public Secret

SPEAKING of "turns," it was a treat to find our friend "Mabel" of "Brick Top" fame at the Joels' party at the Carlton the other night. She sang as divinely as ever, and we would like to be able to hear her much more often.

It was a lovely party and went with a swing from the start. Florence Desmond, in a pale-blue dress plastered with out-size aquamarines, allowed herself to be persuaded to do a brilliant new imitation which over two hundred people promised to keep secret! Tony Johnson, who is Mrs. Geoffrey Joel's son, and is almost too good a dancer for his age, had some of the very young set there. Dale Bourn, who will never live down his reputation as the "life and soul of every party," Mrs. Gulbenkian, one of the lucky owners of a



Temporary Mad Hatters

Sir Harold Bowden and his son-in-law, Christopher Wrey, changed hats—that was all that was wrong with them. Christopher Wrey is a cousin of Lady Willoughby de Broke, and married Ruth Bowden in 1932

really lovely diamond necklace, Mrs. Bernard Rubin, whom you remember as Audrey Simpson, looking very pretty in a black and red spotted dress, Lady Mary Lygon, whose nickname "Mamie" entitles her to an important place on another page of this periodical, who arrived with the Quinney Gilbeys, and Mr. Derek Bligh, these are only a few of those who enjoyed "Geoffrey and Peggy's" hospitality on a memorable evening. We are only sorry that the reason for the party was the imminent departure of the host and hostess for South Africa.

Eating Your Neighbour's Fish

THE air-conditioned coolness of the underground restaurant in Lansdowne House has put the seal on its popularity. It is fun to be able to dance in plus fours if you feel like it, and a relief not to sit at tables so huddled together that you eat your neighbour's kipper by mistake, or his oysters on purpose.

Our big, strong, British film star, John Loder, was dining there the other night with Mr. Dudley Delavigne and a lovely Russian girl, whose name we forget, but whose unforgettable profile reminded us that she was in *Stop Press*, and is quite the most beautiful of the Dorchester Girls.

Miss Peggy Johnston was there, too, that night, smothered in ermine and white fox. She is a "poor little rich girl" who might well be spoilt with doting parents and a trail of beaux, but she is far too nice and sweet and sensible.

The Continental Feeling

THE other night, "on our rounds," we happened upon one of those hot, crowded underground boîtes where evening dress is optional, and where dancing enthusiasts forgather. Among the feminine clientèle, whose good looks are of a remarkably high order, we recognised many mannequins from the more exclusive establishments around Berkeley Square, while something about many of their young men proclaimed them unmistakably as motor salesmen. Not a name among them that one has ever heard of; no one that is any use to columnists like ourselves. But how they enjoy themselves, how well they dance, what an asset to the restaurateur whose band, prices and atmosphere attract them! The Continental feeling in some of these places astounded the stray American with whom we were doing the haunts.

A "One-Man" Show

MRS. ANTHONY CROSSLEY, whose husband got in for his new seat, Stretford, had an amusing opening for her one-man show at the Storran Gallery, two days before polling day. The Crossley family were all there, including the lovely Mrs. Mike Wardell, so was Mme. de Margerie, who does hostess for M. Corbin at the French Embassy, the Hon. Aline Partington, who was going on to the Gough-Wilson wedding; and Clive Bell headed an intellectual-artist contingent. Mrs. Crossley comes from Aberdeenshire, and her paintings of her home county and her London scenes are among the most fascinating exhibits.

A Note for Your Diary

BEFORE struggling and striving in one of the better-known gift-shops to find, or even to think of, a Christmas present for your boy or girl friend, put

Right: Basil Briscoe married Yvonne Gunn last week by special licence at Kensington register office. He's the well-known trainer, and brother of Captain Richard Briscoe, who is again M.P. for Cambridgeshire. His wife is seventeen, and a niece of Lady (Muriel) Bowden

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Briscoe

Below: Lieut.-Colonel Lord Gough and Miss Bettine Maryon-Wilson, only daughter of Sir Spencer and Lady Maryon-Wilson, of Yattendon House, Berkshire, were married last week at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Lord Gough commanded the 1st Batt. of the Irish Guards from 1930 to 1934

Viscount Gough and Miss Bettine Maryon-Wilson

Swaebe

Lady Maureen Noel and Her Brother

Lady Maureen Noel came out last season; she is Lord Gainsborough's sister, and Gerard Noel, who went walking in the Park with her, is her younger brother and nine years old to-day

a mark down in your diary and go to the May Fair Hotel on November 20th or 21st. Go straight to the Christmas Market in aid of that marvellous institution, the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, and there, in addition to finding inspiration in your search for suitable presents, you will be helping a very worthy cause.

Her Majesty the Queen has sent some valuable and original presents to the Market, which is to be opened at twelve o'clock midday on November 20th by the Duchess of Marlborough. Lady Kindersley, who has charge of the cracker stall, is the chairman of the Market, and its certain success is largely due to her untiring efforts.

Dorothy Wilding

Out Kensington Way

It is thanks to the vagaries of the French franc that Mr. Henry and Lady Patricia Russell have deserted their Riviera villa and taken a flat near Prince's Gate. We met them at luncheon at Mrs. Woolley Hart's on Thursday last, it being Mr. Russell's birthday.

Lovely Alanova was there, too, dressed in the smartest black, with a couple of out-size diamond clips in her hat. She, too, has become a householder in the Kensington district, and is seriously contemplating several film offers that have lately materialised. She is a lovely girl, with green eyes and soft, naturally wavy hair. She dresses like an ultra-chic Parisienne, in the simplest black clothes by day, and either black or white at night.

French Pot-Pourri

New versions of the Grosvenor House cabaret are always interesting by reason of their infinite variety. The new show, which opened last Wednesday, is completely French, a pot-pourri of every French revue we've ever seen. We cannot help feeling in one scene that a clever dance might be more effective if the lady concerned could ever turn round! In spite of Election excitement, the restaurant was packed. We saw Lady Warwick, who has just taken a flat in Bruton Street; Lord and Lady Milford Haven in a large party which included Lady Stanley and Sir John and Lady Max Muller; and June Lady Inverclyde, in turquoise-blue chiffon, dancing with Mr. Stephen Raphael, who is just back from New York. Lady Ashley and Mr. Fairbanks arrived late, and joined Miss Kay Norton.

How Many Thousands?

Mr. Selfridge's Election party on Thursday night was the top. It was done on such a colossal scale that it was quite bewildering but magnificently organised.

To get a seat in the room where results were announced was almost impossible, but people stood patiently at the back for hours on end.

Mr. Eric Dunstan, who was at one time Mr. Selfridge's secretary, was by far the best "announcer," and Conservative gains were the signal for wild applause. We found Miss Daphne Kingsmill in here, Mrs. Charles Cartwright just back from her wanderings round the earth, Lady Moira Combe and her husband, Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who wisely clung to her sable cape, Lady Castlerosse in an orange dress, Lord and Lady Milton. If you made a date to meet anyone you *never* saw them, others you bumped into over and over again. As we left we wondered just how many thousands of guests were entertained that night in that gigantic building.

One Black Tie

Lady Diana and Mr. Duff Cooper also gave a party that night. Lord Beaverbrook, too — his being quite small, entirely political, and very enjoyable.

In every restaurant and even at bottle-parties results were thrown on the screen. Via the "400," we ended at London's Harlem, the Shim Sham, where four dusky dancers showed us a new dance called "Trucking."

There was a gala everywhere, everyone seemed to have made up a party of sorts, best clothes were given an airing. At the Embassy Club, which was chock-a-block, only one black tie and dinner jacket were to be seen. We hope the wearer realised his temerity!

MISS PEEPS

Miss Molly Bishop— One-Man Exhibitor

Molly Bishop's first one-man show opens on November 25th at Breve's Lalique Galleries, in Bond Street. She is showing her oil- and water-colour portraits, some of which have appeared in the "Bystander," and has most of the Mayfair lovelies as her sitters. She's the daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. O. Bishop, of Harewood House, Andover Down, is twenty-three, was a student at the Royal Academy School of Art, and won the R.D.S. Gold Medal for portraits when she was seventeen

Right: the Hon. Mrs. A. Fremantle, daughter-in-law of Lord Cottesloe, was the Labour candidate for St. George's and polled 4643 votes, about 2000 less than the last Socialist who fought the seat, in 1929

Extreme right: Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper were photographed outside a polling station. Duff Cooper's majority was 20,781, a solid increase on the 1929 figures

Election Opponents in St. George's, Westminster

Lady Ashley brought her nephew to the Hornby children's party. He is Timothy Michael Bleck, and came as a racing motorist. His mother is Lady Ashley's younger sister

Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, a 1934 baby, wore a pink frilly frock and came as herself. Her mother, Lady Jersey, had to wait for her young miss, who took longer over tea than anyone else

Young Mayfair

Lady Veronica Hornby's Fancy-Dress Party For Her Daughter

Simon Hornby looked a surprised Cupid when his grandmother, Mrs. St. John Hornby, held him up for his photograph. The party was a birthday one for Mariette, the three-year-old daughter of Anthony and Lady Veronica Hornby

Above: Mrs. Ken Hollway's Nicolas was "father" of the party, and made a sturdy Tyrolean

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg brought her Timothy, whose white feather bonnet turned him into a Cavalier. He was the youngest guest

Left: Lady Caroline Blackwood was an eighteenth-century beauty—and "beauty" is right. Her mother, Lady Dufferin, is between her and Serena Dunn, Philip and Lady Mary Dunn's year-old daughter

The Communist

A Camera Study by Anthony

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WHETHER our comical old playmate and buddy, A. P. Herbert, has got in for Oxford University as an Independent National or not—at the time of writing this, just before polling day, he seemed to be foaming along famously, like a waterlogged coal-barge in the Sargasso Sea—we shall bear him no future ill will for wanting to be an M.P. We don't think it 's a healthy ambition for anyone with a sense of humour, but who are we, odd ourselves, to condemn the oddities of others of God's curious creatures ? Our only explanation, when we wake in the night watches to brood over it, is that the whole fault must be Auntie *Times's*. A. P. Herbert is the only contemporary English satirist recognised by Auntie *Times* and printed regularly in her correspondence columns, often in the larger kind of type reserved for admirals. This is enough to make anybody dazed and odd. To be adopted as the pet or chouchou of Auntie *Times* is, roughly speaking, like belonging to an old lady living at Eastbourne. Gambols of an evangelical sort are not frowned upon within reason, but should Fido be suddenly seized by the healthy natural desire to bite, the awful rustle of imminent bombazine at once strikes death into his tiny heart. This terror has obviously driven A. P. into strange and swampy paths. At the same time, he has only himself to blame. Auntie's eye can be attracted only by deliberately adopting the *Times* attitude, and whether this is done for sheer devilment or not, the result is the same. The effect on the organism is terrific. A peculiar metabolism is set up. J. B. (" Beachcomber ") Morton once wrote to the *Times*, and look at that little World's Sweetheart now.

Bloomsbury Reverie

IN renaming the Foundling Hospital site in Bloomsbury " Coram's Fields " the authorities have done only right by the dear old boy who founded the place. Even from Hogarth's painting it is clear that Captain Thomas Coram, master mariner, with his kind old red face and white curly hair was one of the Very Best. The enlightened eighteenth century (unlike the benighted Mediævals, who cared for helpless children) must have been in the habit of drowning unwanted infants like kittens before Coram founded his charity. On the first day the Foundling opened, 117 children, alive, dying, or dead, were deposited in the basket at the gate, and before the old building was pulled down a few years ago you could see in its museum some of the " tokens " attached to these pathetic little victims of Society—coins, ivory fish, lottery tickets, and other things. However, if the eighteenth century was heartless to children, it wasn't quite so full of horse-faced females maundering over dogs as ours is. A philosopher we know says this exaggerated modern slop over animals at the expense of humans is a certain sign of a declining and doomed civilisation. One notable aspect of it is the increasing anxiety of Bloomsbury to claim kinship with those attractive figures of whom Logan Pearsall Smith is so appreciative in the preface to *Trivia*—" the Orang-outang, the tusked Gorilla, the Baboon with his bright blue and scarlet bottom, and the gentle Chimpanzee." We 've always thought such Bloomsbury claims excessive. Your typical Bloomsbury inhabitant equally lacks the vivacious charm of three of these simians and the delightful colour scheme of the fourth. A constipated sheep would be nearer the mark, yet how many of the intelligentsia have the courage to admit it ?

" . . . and I speak Esperanto like a native "

Ideal

HAVING gone a trifle maudlin in this page the other day over a favourite weekly paper of our childhood, we 've been looking at the current issue, which the proprietors kindly sent us. The modern version is much brighter and gayer and louder than the ones we remember, and apart from wireless and film and aeroplane and high-speed motoring and other motifs which weren't there in our time, we noticed with curiosity that there was now no serial about a young explorer in Borneo. What really did bring us up shocked and all standing with a quavering cry was something in the advertisement section beginning : " WILL YOU BE A BIG BUSINESS MAN ? HAVE YOU DREAMS AND VISIONS OF FUTURE COMPETENCE, RICHES, AND POWER ? " This seemed to us also essentially modern and frankly terrible. Early boyhood dreams used once, if we remember rightly, to be of knightly swords and chivalry, of wrongs redressed, the weak protected and justice triumphant : foolish, possibly, but not ignoble. If the modern child really does dream of mergers and combines and prospectuses and cunning financial coups and all the rest of the vulgar tralala, he deserves to have his bestial little pants kicked twice daily and to live in Surrey till he dies.

You 've never seen us really shocked, have you ? Our man Wilbraham stands by with a silver scrabbling-dish, a sort of wide salver full of sand in which we scrabble aimlessly with our fingers till the shock has passed. Ours is an heirloom, a present from Mr. Gladstone to a great-aunt of ours

who was terribly worked up over the Bulgarian Atrocities and had nothing to scrabble in.

East-is-East Dept.

THE Lord Chief Justice told a story the other night of a bored Chinese guest at a Guildhall dinner. After a British Cabinet Minister had been droning and drooling for about half an hour, Lord Hewart asked his fellow-sufferer if they had after-dinner speaking in China. "We gave it up about 8000 years ago," answered the Chinese, "since when it has been a capital offence." Which, we dare aver, shows acute good sense not unmingled with humanity. But the Chinese are notoriously enemies of vain babble. We 've always liked that dignified anecdote, quoted somewhere by E. V. Lucas, of the military philosopher Yin Hao, who, when cashiered for incompetence in putting down a rebellion, took his punishment without a murmur, except that he spent his days in writing with his finger in the air the four words, "Oh! Oh! Strange business!" If we must have after-dinner oratory this seems the way to have it, in sign-language; naturally excepting from the ban of compulsory silence the few "ace" after-dinner wits of London, among whom we count Chesterton, Philip Guedalla and Douglas Woodruff among the first six. These can rise, coruscate briefly, and sit down with hardly one unnecessary word. We wouldn't execute the other ninety-five per cent., as they apparently do in China. We 'd simply get the head waiter to steal round the top table with a large zinc bucket and, the moment they rise with a good story about the Englishman, the Scotsman, and the Irishman, whang the same down firmly over their great smiling jobbernol heads, and hold it there till the rumbling subsided. If we feel deeply about this business, it isn't merely because we suffer perpetual agony ourselves; it 's just that we don't like the Chinese to know we 're such a lot of spineless yurps.

"Who is he?"

"Yes, quite a small flat—but Peter must have room for his oar!"

Idyll

BEST Sob Story of the Month, so far, is that (5-11-'35) of the girl stowaway in the Swedish training-ship. Two days out from Melbourne, apparently, you could have knocked Captain H. J. Dahlskrom down with a bilge-key (a bilge-key aboard a four-masted barque is a key to the bilge). While the ship was heeling under a brisk gale, decks awash, what should step daintily from a water-tank but a beautiful smartly dressed girl in a fur coat and silk stockings! Within twenty-four hours she was the darling of the ship—"She had such winning ways," explained the gruff old Swedish seadog to the *Daily Express* by telephone from Gothenburg. Miss Wilson her name was, and a sweeter and more cock-eyed story we haven't read since our infancy. There are one or two odd flaws in it, as a matter of fact. It should have opened pianissimo with a gentle white-haired woman in Melbourne tearfully waiting for news of her stowaway daughter, and it should have ended fortissimo with a romantic marriage to the wireless officer. If we 'd had to handle this bit of hot news personally, we should have been so feverish that we 'd have probably added a bear, a rather censorious bear, first eating the officers and crew, then Captain Dahlskrom, then the ship, and lastly, as a crowning surprise, being eaten by the beautiful girl while both were swimming for their lives in a raging gale. Headlines:

BEAUTIFUL GIRL STOWAWAY EATS SWEDISH BEAR

Sorrowing Mother Gets Head Wedged Firmly in Ashcan

DRAMA OF RAGING MAIN

Darling of Ship Wants to Eat Castlerosse Now.

Wow!

Big Boy

CLEVEREST Excuse for Having a Dinner this Month — the 900th anniversary of the death of King Canute, which a number of his fans celebrated at a West End restaurant. Peering more closely into this curious matter, we find they were the Viking Society for Northern Research, one of their objects being, we gather, to exalt and glorify those blue-eyed Nordic savages. Fancy thinking up a dinner to the memory of our old friend Canute! (The best crack about him, incidentally, occurs in one of H. M. Harwood's witty comedies: "What a reputation Canute would have made if he 'd only waited till high tide!") From the speeches of the Viking boys it seems that he was—we 'd almost forgotten it—a great administrator and a friend of culture. That story about Canute and the tide hasn't much point, in any case, because there *are* important people who *can* order the sea about. Hazlitt met one of them on the old Chain Pier at Brighton, very dignified and autocratic. We know a newspaper magnate who can do it, too. We met him once at Nice, scowling imperiously at the sea and issuing a memorandum to his private secretary. The odd thing was that although the Mediterranean normally has no tides, it was so terrified of this powerful Fleet Street mogul that at his nod it scurried out half a mile, curtsied, and came tip-toeing back, fawning at his noble feet. At least, that was how it seemed to us. We were so white and shaken that we had to have a Pernod or two on the spot, and while we were having these one of those subtle Algerian carpet hawkers sold us two horrible carpets for 500 francs and got away with it. That 'll show you what Power means to us, uch, uch.

"I said 'guns,' not 'buns'!"

Thrums to You, Too

A SCOTTISH friend who has recently been in the Kirriemuir country ("KIRRIEMUIR, par. and mrkt. tn., Forfarshire, Scotland. 56° 41′ N., 3° 1′ W. Birthplace of Sir J. M. Barrie, made famous by him as 'Thrums.' Linen. Pop. 3800.") tells us the guide-books sedulously ignore an amusing incident which took place there some thirty years ago when an uncle of his, driven hysterical after losing his way while motoring, killed one of Thrums' pawkiest inhabitants just outside Sir James's birthplace. It was, our friend says, the most arch and roguish murder conceivable. Numbers of Auld Lichts named Tammas and Kirstie and Hamish, all horrible, stood round making dry cracks. After the murder our friend's uncle, succumbing to atmosphere, hid behind a rowan-tree and yammered at the Auld Lichts, and the Auld Lichts hid behind walls and keeked back at him. Finally, half-crazed with rage and despair, our friend's uncle threw a lump of turf at Little Mother Wendy, who was hovering round in a fairy nightgown doing her stuff, leaped into his car, and drove like the wind to Inverness. They hushed it all up, naturally, on account of the impending tourist season.

Suspense Angle

GRITTY as the topic appears, we invite you to consider for a moment a curious note received by a friend of ours from his tax-collector, inviting him to pay a balance "not later than the 25th inst. [October], this being the date I close my accounts." Our friend wants to know what the devil the concluding phrase means, if anything, as used by a tax-collector. Tax accounts closed how? Why? Why, particularly, in October, when the Government's financial year ends next April? For whose convenience? (And if, as it seems, for the collector's, who cares?) Does the collector return all moneys received after October 25th, his accounts being closed? We can't answer any of these, but we think we can just descry what the film boys call a "suspense angle" in it. This suspense angle, in our opinion, is that the phrase "close my accounts" may turn out to be figurative and sinister, meaning that the collector is fighting all his clients on October 25th, one by one and à outrance, wiping off old feudal scores and avenging the honour of some dear proud woman. Yet another suspense angle is that if he uses neither rapier nor pistol but simply epigram, working his eyebrows and muttering and smiling with subtle, polished, yet corrosive irony, he may turn out to be George Arliss.

THE BYSTANDERS.

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 2.—The "Daily Express"

THE courtly style and polished phrase
With which the newspapers were filled
in Vic. Reg.'s blandly spacious days
Have been effectually killed
By Beaverbrook's live-wire young men,
Who wield a too staccato pen.
In quick-fire sentences they write
Of murders, marriages and such,
And it would seem that they delight
To cultivate the Winchell touch—
A style so sharp that it makes one
Think they write with a Lewis gun!
His Lordship's news-sheet day by day
Will launch into a hot tirade
That stresses in a violent way
The benefits of Empire Trade,
Insisting, till it 's fit to burst,
That Britain always must come first.
Then why should the *Express* to-day
So all too closely emulate
The "tabloids" of the U.S.A.,
Which many sober Britons hate?—
O, dear Lord B., why WON'T you use
A BRITISH style when printing news?

B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Henson Is As Henson Does

"Seeing Stars" (Gaiety Theatre)

To launch forth into a long and laboured account of the plot of the new show at the Gaiety would be a case of love's labour lost, for frankly, it is not the plot but the players that matter. With such exponents of humour as Leslie Henson and Florence Desmond to keep the ball rolling, the ins and outs of the story, which is important only in that it provides them with the excuse for exercising their sense of fun, do not seem to matter two hoots.

The story, such as it is, concerns the adventures of an impecunious ex-King and his wife and daughter, who are staying incognito in a Riviera hotel owned by two Englishmen, in the persons of Ken Carraway, who is anything but a seedy youth, and Jimmie Swing, a gentleman who is certainly not a serious-minded member of the hôtelier fraternity. Times being bad, Mr. Swing tries to help matters out by doing a dishonest spot of crystal-gazing and mesmerism what time his young partner, Carraway (Roy Royston), is busy falling in love with the ex-King's charming daughter, Valerie (Louise Browne).

The mastery of mind over matter demonstrated by the rival hypnotists, Stefan (Richard Hearne) and Jimmy Swing (Leslie Henson), who are busy putting the "fluence" on each other

Naturally, all sorts of impossible situations crop up one after the other, but it would take a Sherlock Holmes to unravel the tangled skein of the plot from now on, and not being a Holmes, I will content myself with saying that the volatile Mr. Swing, who, of course, is none other than our Mr. Henson, keeps things going with a swing. In fact, after about the middle of the first act, the plot fades softly and silently into the background, and Leslie Henson proceeds to dominate the proceedings.

This is all to the good for no one has quite his ability to extract humour out of even the most commonplace of actions. Whether he is doing a heavy but not too successful spot of mesmerism, gazing on the vintage when it is crimson, or making strong but far from silent love of the Tarzan variety to a young lady of the name of Poldi (Florence Desmond), he is a joy for ever, even if not, strictly speaking, a thing of beauty.

Sketches by Rouson

Ken Carraway (Roy Royston) and Princess Valerie (Louise Browne) taking steps with taking steps to make the stars twinkle brightly

Ex-King Cyril (Fred Emney) may not be a masterly mariner, but he does know how to splice the mainbrace

One of the outstanding features of the show is the acrobatic dancing of Richard Hearne, who flings himself through windows and doors and generally throws himself about with such remarkable gusto that he might well be cast as a shooting star rather than an equerry. Roy Royston and Louise Browne, as the young lovers, make pleasant court in the approved musical comedy fashion; Fred Emney, as the ex-King with naughty and nautical tastes, flashes a wicked monocle; an attractive chorus sing and dance with a well-drilled vivacity; and Debroy Somers and his band play a large part (and lots of catchy tunes) in the success of the show. Florence Desmond shows her versatility by not only playing Poldi, but by giving imitations that are wickedly clever of stage and screen stars.

Seeing Stars is a cheerful hotch-potch of dancing, music and humour, with Leslie Henson as the planet round which the stars revolve—but what a pity it is that the material provided is not of a stronger quality!

Janet Jevons

THE COUNTESS DESMOND AND THE SEER HENSON

Florence Desmond as a crook Countess and Leslie Henson as a hotel proprietor turned necromancer have a treat of a scene together in "Seeing Stars." The new Gaiety show is one cascade of nonsense, with "Kyro" Henson joyfully in the middle of the stream, losing his trousers, getting tight, talking "Flannigallenese" (Mr. Agate's word), mesmerising and being mesmerised. His best wizard's crack is his thought-reading shot at the first three words of a letter to his spendthrift partner—"Dear Sir, Unless. . . ." Florence Desmond gives her full share to the music and the comedy, specially when she sings that un-Victorian song, "Public Sweetheart Number One," and when she has a moment or two for some of her brilliant impersonations

Carreras Ltd.. 150 Years' Reputation for Quality.

Greetings!

The best way to convey yours is with one of these:

50 for 2/6. 100 for 5/-.
150 for 7 6. 200 for 10/-.
In smart red-and-silver packing.

The present your friend will really appreciate

Craven 'A'

IN THE SMART NEW

CHRISTMAS PACKING

Ready to post!

You'd be mighty pleased to unwrap one of these cheery Craven "A" Christmas boxes yourself on Christmas morning. Well, so would many of your friends and relations! Besides, it is such a quick, convenient, inexpensive way to solve that gift problem! Craven "A" cork-tipped quality cigarettes are popular everywhere because they're easy on the throat. They're a present certain to please.

Here's the underneath of all the Craven "A" Christmas packings. Write in your name and your gift's ready to post.

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS.

Ursula Moreton

Ballerina of Sadler's Wells

URSULA MORETON'S characterisation in *The Rake's Progress* is grand Hogarth, a lip-smacking bit of bawdiness that has a surprising point set to it by contrast with the chiselled strength of her natural beauty. Most of her Sadler's Wells parts are character ones, as in this, in *Giselle*, in *Casse Noisette*; *Sylphides* and *Spectre de la Rose* give her purely dancing opportunities to match her clever miming. Ursula Moreton danced in Fokine's Drury Lane season, and with Diaghileff for a year or two; then she joined Ninette de Valois when the latter started her dancing school over seven years ago, and has worked with her ever since. She is the assistant ballet mistress at Sadler's Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Left:
Ursula Moreton in "The Rake's Progress"

F

• FILMS of the DAY

High-Lights in Leicester Square

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Below : the heroine of the story has an interview with her parents, who have bargained her future away to the peasant - profiteer, Brioukow (Harry Baur)

Kate Cutler, Penelope Dudley Ward, and Morton Selten

Laurence Olivier Is the Hero

Laurence Olivier is certain to be getting a stupendous fan mail since the susceptible had a chance of seeing him as a young Russian officer, wounded and in love. He acts brilliantly in his " Moscow Nights " part. Penelope Dudley Ward is the lovely young amateur nurse he falls for

THE whole Square was brilliantly floodlit, there was a phenomenal crowd of spectators outside the theatre, and a dazzling collection of social celebrities within. The occasion was the first offering of Mr. Woolf's newly-formed distributing company. The film chosen was *Moscow Nights*.

DIRECTED by Anthony Asquith, one of the first English intellectuals to interest himself in films ; starring sweetly pretty Penelope Ward, the first society girl to be taken so seriously in the cinema world (I know all about Elissa Landi's antecedents, but she was not in the royal set before she became a stage and screen personality) ; the cast headed by Harry Baur, famous and brilliant Parisian actor, known to Londoners through his performance as the brutal father in *Poil de Carotte*, but whose Continental reputation is that of a comedian : this was indeed an artistically and socially aristocratic event.

It was designed to make a star of Penelope Dudley Ward. She appeared on the stage after the picture, radiant, young, and lovely in a spectacular purple and white frock, accompanied by Anthony Asquith, diffident and inaudible.

BUT the real hero of the evening was Laurence Olivier. Ever since I saw him some years ago, a rather awkward, tall, dark young man who played the piano in a studio and nearly intervened in a stage " divorce " between Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, I have recognised him as a steadily improving actor, and in *Moscow Nights* he steps straight into the front rank. He has assurance, poise, a charming and sympathetic personality, good looks, good diction, and a sense of character which equals, if it does not surpass, that of the most accomplished film actors. And what is very important, he has an equal attraction for both men and women.

It is inevitable that Laurence Olivier will be compared to Ronald Colman. There is a slight physical resemblance, and possibly some of his mannerisms and methods are derivative, but make no mistake, Olivier is an intelligent and individual actor, and at the moment far the best of young English film stars.

BRIOUKOW, played by Harry Baur, is the most important person in the story of *Moscow Nights* : a sort of secular Rasputin, an all-powerful profiteer who boasts that he is a peasant and lives like a prince because of his powers of purchase, sentimental, lecherous, debauched, but with an inherent and finally irresistible religious sense. It is a gorgeous acting part and Baur obviously revels in it.

THE hoary motif of the young and lovely girl sold to such a man by ruined parents is not unduly stressed, because the girl believes him to be great and good and is loyal to him in spite of the mental and physical attack of Ignatoff, an attractive young officer whom she nurses in the military hospital. Instead of the vamp-spy of commonplace melodrama, there is Athene Seyler, in a white wig, an apparently benevolent old lady who extracts information from the " dear boys " she befriends—a perfect and subtle interpretation from one of our most versatile and accomplished actresses.

Ignatoff is trapped and cheated. Brioukow, chief witness, can send him before the firing squad with one lying word. The vision of the Cross, on which he has sworn, converts the villain at the vital moment, and he speaks the truth and saves the man he hates.

" MOSCOW NIGHTS " is melodrama rescued from crudity by direction and superlatively good acting.

Some of Asquith's effects lose their impressiveness by repetition. For instance, when Brioukow, in his violent moods, smashes a glass or overturns a table, there is an instantaneous fade-in to a shell-burst, contrasting the horrors of war with the debauches it engenders ; this trick loses significance by reiteration.

But actors and actresses have never been directed with more consideration of their particular talents, and *Moscow Nights*, which might have been merely a mediocre melodrama, becomes an actor's triumph.

Harry Baur

A Great French Actor

Harry Baur's brief visit to England has added one more milestone of distinction on the rapidly ascending road of studio history here. On the Continent he is a gigantic figure, a giant of comedy, though Jean Valjean in the French version of "Les Misérables," and the father in "Poil de Carotte" were both great parts of his in a different mood. He played Brioukow in the French "Moscow Nights" with vast success, and his acting in the Denham production now establishes him firmly in the regard of English audiences

Snow Fliers In Their Fifth Elemen

Who Cares for Running or Sailing or Flying When There's Snow for Ski-ing?

E. Meerkamper, Davos-Platz

Up —

IT 'S only a matter of weeks now before the first trainload of skis and sticks and lucky snow-migrants leaves Victoria for the mountains. The regulars have booked their rooms; the others are still saying "Shall we?" and "When?" and "Where?" There are some answers to these questions in this Winter Sports Number

— and Down

35—325

On High Ground, the Ski-er Makes His Own Pattern on the Unbroken Snow

Below: *He Follows the Curve of the Slope and Leaves a Cloud of Snow Spray Behind Him*

Lady Peel

Miss Kathleen Stammers

Mrs. Ronnie Leon

Mrs. Inglis-Jones

Mrs. Charles Cartwright

Mrs. Eric Davies

The Hon. Katherine Norton

Lady Rothermere

NICKNAMES OF NOTABLES

The Bea's and the Kay's

Lady Peel is—bea-lieve it or not—generally known as Miss Lillie. The show in which she's now starring on Broadway—"At Home Abroad"—sounds a riot

Miss Kathleen Stammers is a "Kay" who needs no introduction on the courts. Popular and pretty, she has a fashionable nose and a nice service

Mrs. Ronnie Leon, more often billed as Kay Hammond, has a sweet baby face with voice to match. Her father's Sir Guy ("Bengal Lancer") Standing and her father-in-law Sir George Leon

Mrs. Charles Aubrey Cartwright, busiest of all the bees, is "Bea" abbreviated from Beatrice, which suits her splendour better. Gave the best ball in Jubilee Season

Mrs. T. W. Inglis-Jones was that ornamental American, Mrs. Cushman, before her marriage last winter to Lord Lisburne's cousin. Is O.K. and called "Kay"

Mrs. Eric Davies is a "Bee" who buzzes round resorts. Her water ski-ing's perfect. Her husband was a sailor. Her clothes are very right. And how she loves the Riviera!

Hon. Katherine Norton, socially prominent and sartorially effective, prefers to remain a handsome spinster. "Kay's" voice, once heard, can never be ignored

Lady Rothermere, whose name is really Lilian, answers to "B" only. She has better taste in house decoration than any professional, and better first editions than most

"Bystander" Short Story No. 12

Red Flannel

By Peter Belloc

"DAMN ye! Ye black, claw-footed spawn o' Satan!"

Uttered in all the futility of human bitterness, the oath rattled among the roof-beams of Top Farm, where a lean and aged man, steel-rimmed spectacles tilted on the end of his long nose, sat at the head of an old refectory table.

The index finger of his left hand was stuck like a skewer into the middle of a left-hand page of a large leather-bound Bible, which was propped open before him on a book-rest of ecclesiastical design. Which was the oldest of the quartette—the man, the book, the book-rest, or the table—would have made a pretty problem. Mayhap they were all four contemporaries.

One thing at least is certain. The reader was paying little heed to the text marked by his finger in the Book before him. For, while he thus held forth, he stealthily groped with his right hand for the shot-gun which lay beside him on the long table. Not by so much as a tremor did he move his head, but kept it bowed over the Book, while he squinted over his glasses.

Beyond the open French windows the boisterous April wind carried clouds of plum-blossom before it and laughed musically to itself in the upper branches of the tall elm-trees which, by forming a quadrant between north-west and south-west, protected the farmhouse and its rambling outbuildings from the full and devastating violence of the winter gales.

It was a jolly, galloping wind which brought the joy of spring to every living thing it met—except Jan Belcher, a great talker, a great scholar (by some accounts) and, without a shadow of doubt, a lazy and a miserably bad farmer.

It was he who thus apostrophised the rooks, which fed, as though to the manner born, on his newly-sprouting wheat beyond the windows.

But the rooks, long accustomed to victimisation, uncomprehending of the language of man, or perhaps merely callous in their search for food during this busy nesting season, continued to strut up and down the rows of fresh green corn with elegant vanity and swagger, feeding at their leisure. Meanwhile, their womenfolk quarrelled and spoke scandal of one another in the branches of the elms, each and every one of them under the vigilant eye of the sentinel, who, swaying precariously in the wind on the topmost twig of

(Continued on page 328)

Decoration by Eric Fraser

Red Flannel (Continued from page 327)

the tallest tree, allowed not the slightest movement of the world beneath to escape him.

With feline caution old Jan drew the gun towards him, keeping ever his head bowed and his eyes lifting. He fitted the stock comfortably into the socket of his right shoulder and caressed it with his lean and pallid cheek. The barrels he rested, with a movement so slow as to be almost imperceptible, upon the book-rest before him. With a smile, which may only have been twisted on account of the leaning attitude of his head, he drew a bead upon the rook which was strutting towards him, well within his range. The index finger of his left hand still marked a word in Holy Writ. The index finger of his right hand curled itself lovingly around the trigger.

What happened next neither man nor rook shall say. Three things occurred in sequence too rapid to measure. A sudden storm of blossom hurled past the window, blotting out all beyond it as the flowers tore away before a rising wind; "caw-ki-i-caw!" called the sentinel from the tree-top, having observed with interest the movements of Jan; as quickly as it had turned to the whiteness of driven snow, so did the scene turn to Erebian darkness. As the blossom fled before the rising wind, the sky was blackened by thousands of rooks, which rose as one in answer to their sentinel's warning, slithered up the wind with clumsy beats of their wings, wheeled away in a beautifully conscribed circle, and came to rest again in the middle of the field.

Without a word, without a change of expression, old Jan laid aside his gun, found again his place in Holy Writ, and muttered on, half-audibly, to himself.

"'His wisdom is even as the birds and their swiftness,'" he mumbled, translating to himself from the Latin, and read on in silence, till, coming to another passage, he halted abruptly and retraced each word of the text with his skinny, skewer-like finger, dodging about in the text as one who is making certain of his syntax.

"'And the Lord shall set a snare for evil-doers,'" he muttered, "'a snare so strong and so wide that not even the birds of heaven that command the air shall escape its compass . . .' Snare?" muttered old Jan, looking up for the first time from his book and allowing his gaze to wander to the distant woods in the vale beneath him.

And then "Volucres cæli," he added slowly, like some connoisseur rolling a unique vintage around his tongue. "Volucres cæli," he repeated, distinctly and in five syllables of exactly equal quantities. He continued to gaze out to the woods away beneath him, which were showing the earliest patches of green in their sun-drenched portions, chequered with blue and brown in the distance where they lay beneath the shadow of a rainstorm hurrying along on the wind. He noticed how brightly the white chalk of the pits away to his right shone in the sunlight, backed by the blackness of the approaching storm. Even as he noticed their brightness, the storm-clouds covered the sun and they were transmuted from their pristine brilliance to a dirty grey, streaked with yellow.

Jan Belcher noticed this also, and it seemed to please him, for he smiled that long, thin smile which was remembered and feared wherever it was seen. Yes, old Jan was more learned than many gave him credit for, even though there were those who believed him to be "wise."

THE wheat upon which the rooks had fed so freely while the April wind laughed through the blossoming trees was now tall and green, and showing signs of a full ear. Even the miserable crops on the acres around Top Farm were better than usual, and a very great deal better than Jan had a right to expect. It was too early yet to hear it "rattle" as the wind blew across it, but it was thick enough to show a silver sheen as it swayed before the gusts. A young generation of rooks, noisy and greedy, inhabited the village in the tree-tops.

Thus Nature worked her will and altered the face of the earth to please herself and enrich those who chose to harness her beneficence. One thing, however, it seemed, it was beyond her power to change—Top Farm and its uncanny master. Though beyond the French windows the world was resplendent and full of young growth, the air clean and clear after a night's rainfall and the sun pouring forth its rich warmth on to hay almost ready for the scythe, old Jan sat in the gloom of his parlour, at the head of the table, beneath the oaken beams which seemed, by comparison with the infinite blue of the sky beyond the windows, to press upon his skinny, stooping shoulders. Before him was the same leather-bound Book on the same ancient rest. There was nothing changed but the absence of his gun from the table.

Standing at the top of the stairs which gave directly out of the parlour opposite the front door, young Betsy, only daughter of the widower Jan, surveyed the scene before her and gently shook her head. She was dressed for market and, descending the stairs, she said quietly: "You 'd be more likely to scare crows by being a-work in the meadows yonder with your scythe than ever your sitting there mumbling nonsensical words to yourself. The legge is ready for cutting."

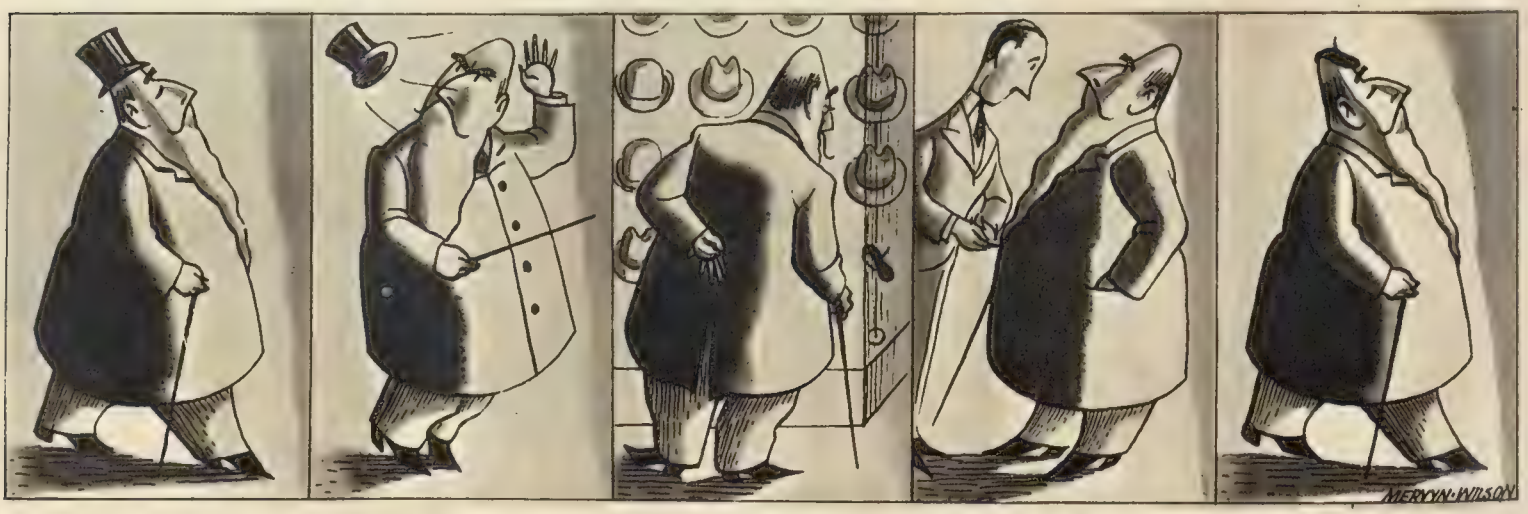
There was nothing irreverent in her "nonsensical words." Young Betsy had as good a respect for Holy Writ as the next girl on the hills, but Latin to her was meaningless, and that was all she meant. "Will you come give me hand with Jessy and cart?" she asked, but Jan neither looked up nor answered. He mumbled on to himself, and with a sigh Betsy went out to the stable to harness the light horse for market. Jan stuttered his way on through the context before him.

When he heard the iron tyres and the hoofs on the cobbles in the courtyard he suddenly showed signs of activity. He got swiftly to his feet and listened with an intensity that caused his long, pointed ears almost to quiver. The sound of a horse trotting died away in the direction of Monkshampton and the effect on Jan was that of releasing a steel spring. From a cupboard he took a stout pair of hedging gloves and these he put on and tied securely above the wrist with sack string; he almost ran from the room, and, crossing the byre, disappeared into the barn, emerging in a minute or two with a long ladder on his shoulder and in his right hand a bucket.

Then Jan did a curious thing. He placed the ladder against a tall elm, put the bucket over his head, and started slowly to ascend the ladder. Close observation would have shown two tiny eye-holes pierced in the bucket.

Up and up he went. He left the ladder and took to the branches, the while the rooks screamed and fled. But as he

(Concluded on page vi)



To warm your blood

It was to make winter worth living for the Imperial Court of Russia that Barclay Perkins first brewed their famous Russian Stout in 1781. Many a wise man since, in our own more genial clime, has taken kindly to this 'vintage' stout, aged in bottle, to raise the temperature of both body and soul.

Barclay's

RUSSIAN STOUT

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John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN: Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 5. Hector Munro, Modeller in Clay

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Oxford in the Ascendant

D. C. King, the Blackheath scrum-half, gets away with the ball following a mid-field scrummage during the match against Oxford at the Rectory Ground. A hard-fought game resulted in a victory for the Heathens by 8 points to nil

Prince A. Obolensky (Trent and B.N.C.) throwing in from a line-out during the Blackheath versus Oxford match. He is a dangerous three-quarter who, quick to seize any opening offered, is also very sound in defence

IF I go all Oxford for a short while, you will not, I hope, accuse me of undue bias. I have no doubt Cambridge are a great side, though at present the unfortunate injury to Wooller and a certain instability among their forwards have combined to rob them of a certain amount of lustre. Still, the Varsity match is some way ahead yet, and those optimists who persist in backing Oxford cannot yet count their chickens with absolute certainty. Why, by the time you read this Cambridge may have beaten the All Blacks, and that would set Oxford supporters back a peg or two!

IT is in this matter of beating the All Blacks, though, that I come over all Oxford. True enough, the All Blacks, as the record shows, did manage to beat Oxford by a single point, but what a magnificent game that was, and how heroically Oxford played, to be sure!

I cannot resist the temptation to go back upon the events of that pouring wet day at Iffley Road, when we squelched through the mud to our seats, and watched the rain dripping off the straw hats worn by the boys of St. Edward's School. Not a day for great deeds, you would have said, though I am not one of those who must have dry turf and much sprinting by three-quarters if I am to enjoy watching my Rugby football. There is too much of this clamouring for fine weather. Doubtless it is inspired by veteran three-quarters, remembering the days of their youth, shuddering a little as they recall the horrors of coping with a slimy ball at the feet of turbulent forwards. These same forwards, unless the breed has changed, welcome a soaking wet day now and again, a day of heaving, straining mauls, of tackling and falling and slithering, a day when shorts flap clammily round the legs, and jerseys cling in mud-sodden, steaming dankness to the torso.

A rainy November afternoon has its merits. It revives self-confidence in the honest scrummager: it puts the swift three-quarter in his place, which very often is upon his back in a soggy morass. Only one condition I make. The bath afterwards must be adequately large and the water both plentiful and hot, for such a reward is sufficiently earned. It is also one of the reasons why we play Rugby football.

BUT I wander from the particular game, the grand game between Oxford and New Zealand. When it was all over the All Blacks praised their opponents generously, but honour goes to both sides for a battle royal fought out in the finest spirit. This raises one interesting point. No game was ever harder than this one, and yet tempers were never frayed. Why is it that on other occasions vigour leads to foolish violence and wildly swinging fists—what subtle difference of spirit is there between one match and another?

Here, at any rate, was vigour at its best, and though I salute the All Blacks, it is the performance of Oxford which interests me most.

The whole Oxford team played magnificently. The forwards were beaten in the tight, it is true, but the fact that New Zealand saw so much of the ball increases our respect for the remarkable Oxford defence. In this aspect of the game Oxford showed no hesitation: the subtleties of New Zealand's five-eighths attack bothered them not one whit. They took the man with the ball, and took him hard, and in this tackling Grieve, at stand-off half, had as big a share as any.

Grieve was uncommonly good, a beautifully balanced little player, quick-witted, swift in action, with an uncanny precision in touch-finding and the surest pair of hands in the country, if the way he took that horribly slimy ball is any criterion. He and McShane are working excellently together, and I imagine that, barring accidents, these two will be the Oxford half-backs against Cambridge. McShane, in my opinion, is a hundred per cent. better than he was when he played for Oxford in 1933.

THEN the Oxford three-quarters covered themselves with glory. If I have criticised the defence of Obolensky and Walford, I retract that criticism now. Both of them were beyond reproach, and both of them added to their tackling a liveliness in attack which was good indeed to see. It was Walford's running which made possible a great try by Obolensky, and it was Obolensky's magnificent determination and speed which turned possibility into accomplished fact. I must admit that I suspected a forward pass in the movement which led to that try, a suspicion borne out by those who sat exactly opposite the point of passing, and this enabled me to accept rather less despondently the All Blacks single point victory. As for the Oxford forwards, they were superb. Cooper's line-out work was first-rate. Bloxham, Reid, Brett—all of them, in short, worked like heroes in the mauls and rushes, and Hughes was always on hand when the extra man was needed in defence or attack.

DO not be misguided, though, by this enthusiasm of mine. I am not arguing that Oxford are a superlatively good side. On that day they pulled out a supreme effort, and gave us an exaggerated impression of their form, no doubt. Still, I do say that only a good side could have made such an effort, and if the match against New Zealand was a great occasion, there are those who consider the Varsity match an even greater occasion, and an even greater spur to efforts no less supreme.

• PASSING SHOWMEN

No. 5. Hector Munro—Clay-Modeller

THIS street sculptor, once a confectioner's hand, should have enjoyed icing the cakes. Took an interest in water-colour painting and in modelling; jobless, he decided to turn professional sculptor. Bought post-cards of prominent people and practised in a shed till he could model their likenesses quickly. Career started in Dalston streets, now he works all over London and into the suburbs; lives in Woolwich. Has used 30 tons of clay, does any model in three minutes. Hates the winter, when his hands get numb and the clay unmanageable with the cold. Married since he worked the streets, and claims to have raised a family on a lump of clay

Do remember that other people are far more interested in their own ski-ing exploits than in yours

Ski-ing—The Perfect Sport

By C. E. W. Mackintosh

Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh—an ex-Captain of the Oxford University Team—is one of the World's most expert ski-ers

Illustrated "Do's and Don'ts for Beginners" by Ian Fenwick

IF individual sports are to be judged by the thrills they provide, ski-ing must rank very high in everyone's judgment, and every ski-runner who has experience of international racing will undoubtedly place it first on the list.

It is the nearest approach to flying. To skim over soft powder-snow, hearing nothing but the increasing whistle of the wind in one's ears, and to make that effort to retain control of speed and direction which requires both judgment and physical fitness, is really exciting.

Purely from the point of view of speed, there is no comparison between the sensation experienced on skis at eighty miles an hour—which the crack runners, or "Kannonen," as they are called on the Continent, can attain—and that in an aeroplane moving at over 100 miles an hour, while the excitement and romance of directing good, hard hickory skis over soft snow is infinitely more exhilarating than sitting in a rather noisy aeroplane flying over ground which can hardly be distinguished below.

But ski-ing does not merely provide speed and thrills; it is a sport which everyone can enjoy, and the racing enthusiast spends the greater part of his day running easily at moderate speed through the woods and over the fields, according to his frame of mind.

I HAVE often been asked by ski-runners learning to attain higher speeds how to avoid heavy forward falls. In most cases these are due to ignorance of the fact that as higher speeds are reached, so the weight must be evenly on both feet. In starting down a steep slope, the weight is, of course, almost entirely on the front foot, but as speed increases, this must be evened up, otherwise the back ski has not enough weight on it to drive the point through the snow. The ski stops absolutely dead and so instantaneously that I have often seen runners go back to examine snow to see whether they hit a concealed rock or wooden peg.

People who have no experience of ski-ing have commented on the fact that British representatives are disappointing in the results they achieve. They often express disappointment when they hear that in an international event the first member of the English team has come in about tenth. They do not realise that in many of the first-class races the entries reach nearly 400, and that tenths of seconds may separate the first ten runners. To be in the first ten may often be highly creditable, especially when considering that the course is probably fifteen or sixteen miles long. All this is in the days of modern racing, but I feel there is no question that the earlier days of ski-racing provided the best sport in a much more homely way.

The number of entries was between

The journey is much more pleasant and comfortable if the gramophone is quietly "dropped" on leaving Dover

fifteen and twenty, and the runners usually started together, providing fast and furious fun. Competitors would make strenuous efforts to get away first in order to avoid the spray from other people's skis and be the first to reach the narrower gaps as, if they were shut in, it would be difficult to pass the runners in front. It was very much more interesting to see exactly what the other competitors were doing. Some, for instance, would be good on powder-snow and bad on ice, and one had to bear in mind one's own competency in deciding where to make up lost distance, or, alternatively, where to get a greater lead. Personally, I have always made for soft snow and attempted to establish a lead in the early stages, for races usually start at a high point well above the tree line, where the snow is deep and cold, and proceed through the woods to finish on the familiar home runs or nursery slopes. As one has every opportunity of practising regularly on the home runs, the speed of most good ski-ers is about the same, and so it is just as well to establish the lead on the high and less-known part of the course.

Ski-ing and beginners being what they are, do avoid wool next the snow—they get so passionately attached to each other

It's certainly slower and safer going up, but then, at the top of each careful and beautiful climb, there is a far worse slope down which, sooner or later, you must go

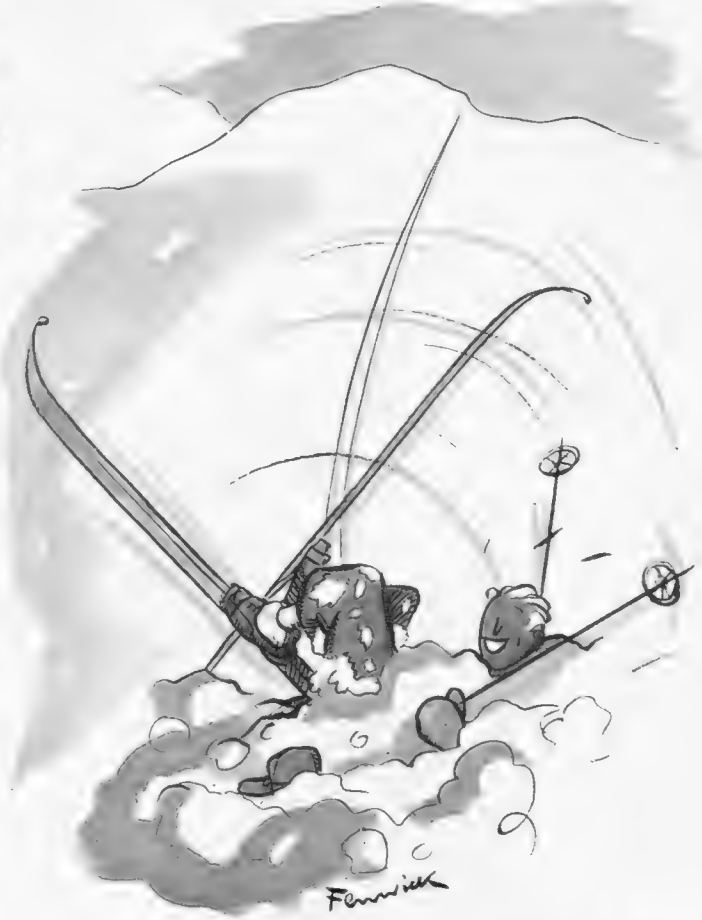
I AM often asked for advice as to where to go, and the right answer is that every type of country is available, and it depends on what is required. The Engadine provides great expanses of snow. It is, however, very often wind-blown owing to the proximity of the Italian plains, but expert ski-runners must have experience of this type of snow.

For the beginner, the Oberland is more suitable than the Engadine in that it is in a much more sheltered position and packed snow and drifts are much rarer. It is for this reason that the greatest numbers of ski-runners favour such Oberland centres as Mürren, Wengen, Scheidegg, and Grindelwald, for here they will get every chance of practice under conditions which are best suited to their experience. All good centres in Switzerland to-day have ski-schools which very often enable beginners to ski sufficiently well to go for runs after a few days' practice.

I ALWAYS think it is extraordinary how well British racers have done in competition with other countries. I was told by a Frenchman that during Christmas week as many as 25,000 Frenchmen left one station in Paris to find a holiday in the Alps. In Germany and Italy the numbers are even more astonishing. Although the visitors from England do not show more than a fraction of this figure, I believe that the numbers of British ski-runners is increasing every year, and I can recommend no healthier occupation or greater thrill than ski-ing.

There is nothing like it.

You must, of course, also learn to yodel: this is an essential complement to the happiest ski-ing.



It's a quicker and braver way of learning to end up at the bottom like this than to be able to boast you've only fallen twice, when it's taken you five hours to do a thirty minutes' run

Mrs. Christopher Burn

This blonde lovely is Leueen MacGrath on the stage, and is playing at the moment in "Tovarich." She was sketched at a Dorchester supper-party

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mrs. Amy Mollison

Wore an off-the-face hat and a big spray of stephanotis on her black dress for a grill-room dinner. She has taken up ballroom dancing very seriously, and has passed an exam or two. Is off for a visit to Paris

Mrs. "Bunny" Tattersall

Left: Mrs. "Bunny" Tattersall had supper at the Dorchester after the "Moscow Nights" première, which she went to with her journalist husband. In public life she's Janet Jevons, the photographer

Right: Anna Lee is one of the rising young charmers of the British film world. She was in "The Camels Are Coming" with Jack Hulbert, had a good part in "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back," and is also in "First a Girl," the Jessie Matthews film at the New Gallery

Miss Anna Lee

SKI HEIL!

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AUSTIN REED

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P.2115

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf: Handicapping

Bert Hodson (plus 2) and his partner, Miss D. Wilkins (2), of Chigwell. They tied for second place in the Essex Professional Golfers' Union 27-holes greensomes bogey competition

Miss A. Holmes and Mr. Andrew McClure were another couple to play in the Essex P.G.U. greensomes bogey competition. It took place at Upminster

At Upminster: F. Durham, junior, the honorary secretary of the Essex Professional Golfers' Union, with C. Rich, the secretary of Upminster Golf Club

THE handicapping of golfers has been, and always will be, a subject which is the cause of much argument and heated discussion. We do not know when handicaps at golf were started, or how they were originally arrived at, but we do know that at one time the members of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club varied in handicaps from plus 8 to 36, and that the member who played from plus 8 was successful in handicap events. At one time it used to be the custom at many clubs to put the best player at scratch, and to handicap the other members from him. This method was admirable for private matches among the members of a particular club, but it was very often no use whatever if one of its members played a man from another club on a neutral course, and I knew of one case where the best player, who would have been handicapped at 9 at a large club, had to play from scratch.

Wherever you go, you will find that nearly every man desires a large handicap, and every woman a low handicap; man apparently puts purse before pride, while woman puts pride first. The Old Courses at both Sunningdale and Walton Heath have lately been holed in 67 by members playing in club competitions, and I doubt very much if the handicapping committees at these clubs have any justification to alter the handicaps of the players who returned these scores. In my opinion, no notice should be taken of the occasional freak round when a ridiculously low score is returned, and this is one of the chief drawbacks to the method, now employed by the L.G.U. and most of the golf clubs in this country, of handicapping players on their returns as compared with the standard scratch score. This method certainly does supply a very large number of golfers with their proper handicaps, but it does make golfers play off a handicap they have no hope of living up to.

It is not at all a difficult matter for a club to handicap its members correctly, but what is a difficult matter is the handicapping of its members as compared with members of other clubs. I have received a scheme of handicapping from a friend who has had a vast experience of the game of golf, not only in the British Isles, but also abroad, including the East, and who has won championships, and broken the records of several courses, so he certainly ought to know what he is talking about.

"ASSUMING that a club has originally handicapped its members on a sound basis, it is easy to see how, in the course of time, alterations in the handicaps have the effect of changing the level as compared with other clubs. For example: members A, B, C and D are handicapped 2, 2, 3 and 3 respectively. A and B play at the club, but belong to others, and get their golf all over the country. C and D frequent the one club, play there week in and week out, and enter for all competitions. To prevent them walking off with too much silverware, they are brought down to scratch and 1 respectively. If they played against A and B on a neutral course they would have to play at scratch and 1, although their standard of play might still be 3 and 3. In course of time, the handicapping committee, realising that C is not a scratch golfer, decides to put all handicaps up by two shots, and in this way uniformity between clubs is destroyed. The suggested remedy is as follows:

"BEFORE making an adjustment in the handicap of a member who has won a competition, the committee should consider carefully whether his success is due to an actual improvement in his standard of play or whether it was due to local knowledge gained through a large amount of play on the one ground. If the latter, his handicap should not be reduced, but he should be given a special rating at his club of either (*a*) or (*b*). If rated at (*a*), he will play under a penalty of 2; and if (*b*), the penalty will be 1. This adjustment of handicap will only apply to his own club.

"Applying this principle to a particular club, the leading players might be handicapped as follows: A, scratch (*a*); B, scratch (*b*); C, 1; D, 1; E, 1; F, 1; and G, 5. Supposing G had a series of wins, he would graduate to 5 (*b*), and then to 5 (*a*). If further adjustment was necessary, he would then become 4 (*a*).

"I FORESEE two criticisms of this scheme. At first sight it may appear to be complicated. I do not really think it will prove to be so in practice. On competition cards a handicap followed by (*a*) or (*b*) would clearly show that adjustment was to be made. In match-play, the member would play on his adjusted handicap. For instance, if he was 7 (*b*), he would play on 6 handicap.

"The other criticism is that it would be unfair for a member proceeding to another course to play his handicap without making the same adjustment that he has on his own course. I do not think this holds water.

"SPEAKING for myself, I feel quite sure that my correct handicap should not be lower than 1, and possibly it should be 2; but I am also confident that if my handicap was put up, I would have an unfair advantage over other members of my home club on their existing handicaps. I suggest that there would be no harm in trying out a scheme of this description for a year, and I think that if my home club adopted this scheme, other clubs would imitate it, with the result that handicaps as between one club and another would become more equal." This ends my friend's scheme, which I have given to you in his own language. He has submitted it to his committee, so it will be interesting to see whether they decide to give it a trial. I hope it will be given a trial, as it most certainly does assist in handicapping the man who gives most trouble to his handicapping committee: namely, the man who plays extremely well on his own course, where he knows every blade of grass, but is a very inferior player elsewhere. I have heard it suggested that every golfer should have two handicaps, a club handicap and an open competition handicap, and that he should obtain the latter from his county union. I have no sympathy with this suggestion, as his club committee must be in a better position to allocate a player his handicap than a county committee, which probably will know nothing whatsoever about the player's capabilities or otherwise. The national handicaps, which were allocated to decide who should and should not be eligible to play in the Amateur Championship, had a very short life. It is difficult to allocate a golfer one correct handicap, so I cannot see any point in making things more difficult by allocating each player an open competition handicap as well as a club one.

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Great World-Citizen : By A. G. Macdonell

If ever a man on this earth triumphed over every sort of obstacle by a sheer determination to hold fast to what is right and let the opinion of the world go hang, that man was Dwight Morrow, lawyer, banker, diplomat, scholar and statesman. He was born in 1873, and he died in 1931, and the fifty-eight years of his life are described by Mr. Harold Nicholson in a biography that is as fascinating and as brilliant as anything that Mr. Nicholson has yet done (*Dwight Morrow:* Constable, 18*s.*). Morrow was a little, unathletic man of poor and obscure parentage, with no advantages but his own talents, and he set out to conquer the United States. After years of poverty and furious self-education and law-study, he became clerk in a big firm of Wall Street Corporation lawyers. In less than ten years he had not only been made a partner, but was universally recognised as one of the very heads of his profession, and as incorruptible as the ocean. A tremendous worker, he based himself upon history and knowledge rather than upon intuition, and he settled innumerable intricate cases by his capacity to sympathise with the other side and take its point of view. "A hard bargain is a bad bargain," was one of his maxims. From the Law he went, with a good deal of reluctance, into banking, and became a partner in J. P. Morgan and Co. Then the war broke out, and flung Morgans on to the crest of the wave, and Morrow into the thick of international affairs. He was pro-Ally heart and soul, and he played a large part in Allied finance, and in the incredibly complicated affairs of the Allied Maritime Transport Committee, and after the war won the confidence of every European statesman he met. His amazing grasp of detail, his lucid mind, his unerring skill in going straight to the centre of a problem, his fundamental human sympathy, and, above all, his absolute and transparent honesty, all these made him the leading negotiator and the leading conciliator in every conference in which he took part. Why, then, did not Coolidge use him in his Cabinet, or Hoover? It is a mystery that reflects small credit on either of those two eminent gentlemen. For Morrow would have been the greatest Secretary of State that the United States have ever had. Mr. Nicholson has written a great book about a great and good man.

Not since the days of Mr. Belloc's *Belinda* has such an exquisite piece of witty fooling appeared as Miss Helen Simpson's *The Female Felon* (Lovat Dickson; 2*s.* 6*d.*). It is a trifle of fifty-five pages, a mere nothingness, but what lovely nothingness, a bubble in the air, a soufflé made from the white of wren's eggs. Eighteenth-century Matilda Fane, teacher to elegant young ladies in Bristol, sailed for America to fulfil her ambition of founding an Academy in Virginia. The ship on which she sailed was captured by His Reverence, a noted pirate, and one-time Bachelor of Arts in the University of Oxford. The story goes on to relate her singular adventures in the clutches of the pirates, how she played whist against them, with herself as stake, and won "the most astonishing whist-drive ever accomplished in the long history of that respectable game," and how the pirates ransacked Antigua for a clergyman to marry her to the ex-B.A., and how she and her husband finally sailed away to found the Academy in Virginia. It is delicious nonsense, and the fun is helped on by Miss Mary Shepard's drawings.

T. L. B. Huskinson

Has been holding a one-man show of paintings and drawings at Ryman's Galleries, at Oxford. He is Nottinghamshire-born, teaches art at Radley College, is thirty, and has done a good deal of decorative panel-designing for buildings in England and America

Mr. Christopher Morley is one of the pleasantest guides that any human being could wish for upon a voyage of discovery. This I happen to know from personal experience, because, not so very long ago, he took me for a walk round old New York and discoursed delightfully all the while. In his new book, *Hasta La Vista* (Faber and Faber; 6*s.*), he takes us for a somewhat longer trip, but continues his own inimitable vein of delightful comment. It is the description of a visit which he paid last year to South America. He steamed in a 15,000-ton liner down the Atlantic coast, across the Caribbean Sea, through the Panama Canal, and down to Lima, and he records his impressions with the bland urbanity, the wealth of literary allusion, the gentle murmur of fun, and the unfailing kindliness that are part and parcel of Mr. Morley's make-up. I think that Mr. Morley is a sort of cross between Charles Lamb and Sir John Squire.

Dr. E. J. Salisbury's new garden book is completely delightful. It is called *The Living Garden* (Bell; 10*s.* 6*d.*). When a scientist comes down to earth and writes of his hobbies in the clear, lucid style to which scientists have been accustomed ever since they first encountered the clearest and most lucid of them all, Master Euclid, the result is apt to be fascinating. Sir J. A. Thompson was a living proof of that. Dr. Salisbury explains a whole crop of things which the amateur gardener has always been puzzled by, such as the incidence of weeds, or the varying effects on different plants of sun and shade, and discusses charmingly such things as Form, Colour and Scent, "the chief qualities upon which we depend to make a garden of delight," the germination of seeds, and the cycle of seasons. This is an ideal book for the gardener who has got past his nasturtium stage and is aspiring to higher things.

Among the many novels worth reading that keep on pouring out, are (1) Miss Cecilia Willoughby's *The Silver Fountain* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a story about the North Riding of Yorkshire. The hero is a young man who fights his way by doggedness and grit to the position of master-builder, and then sees everything crumble before his eyes through no fault of his own; (2) *Quartet*, by Miss Richmal Crompton (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a chronicle-novel about the lives of four people, two brothers and two sisters, from their nursery days up to, approximately, middle-age. It is beautifully done, full of invention and sympathy. I think it is, perhaps, rather a pity that Jenifer, having been cast for the rôle of the woman-who-is-not-meant-to-marry, should suddenly change in the last few pages. But apart from this one criticism, I can find nothing but praise for *Quartet;* (3) *To-morrow is Also a Day* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Miss Romilly Cavan—dear me! how the girls do pour the stuff out, to be sure—is a very subtle book, and for that reason is interesting. I do not say it is everyone's meat, but it is certainly nobody's poison.

We stated in our issue of November 6th that Mr. H. V. Marrott is the late John Galsworthy's literary executor. This is incorrect; Mr. Marrott is the official biographer, and Mrs. Galsworthy is her husband's literary executor. We much regret this mistake, and any annoyance it may have caused.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The thrill and enjoyment of Winter Sports is one which never wanes, and every year more and more people wend their way to the snow-clad peaks of Austria and Switzerland. Mr. G. D. Greenland is once more in charge of Harrod's Knightsbridge Winter Sports section. His counsel is invaluable, not only as to equipment, but as to where to go and where to stay. The figure on the left of the group photographed is wearing a white Tyrolean jacket, designed for fine-weather ski-ing. It is made of strong linen, with coloured revers, and costs 21s. Her companion, on the other hand, has a brightly coloured check jacket in fine Scotch tweed. It is double-breasted, lined with proof poplin, and the price is 79s. 6d. The trousers in both cases are reinforced at the seat, and have Lastex yarn at the ankles

Winter Sports

Plus Fours—Wind-Jackets —And Chrome Gloves For Ski-ing

Everyone seeking advice as to their ski-ing outfit should visit Jaeger House, 204, Regent Street, and consult Miss Di Crewdson, who is in charge of the Winter Sports shop. She is firmly of the opinion that all ski-ing clothes, except trousers, should be wearable for other kinds of sport at home. The figure standing above is wearing straight-cut trousers in proofed suiting, for 3½ guineas. Her double-breasted jacket is guaranteed to keep her warm and dry in the strongest gale or blizzard, as it is wind-, rain-, and snow-proof. It is double material all through, with extra-wide arm-holes and elastic at the sides to prevent it from riding up. The price is 45s. 6d., and it is available in several colours. A webbing belt completes the scheme, together with a knitted headband and string gloves lined wool

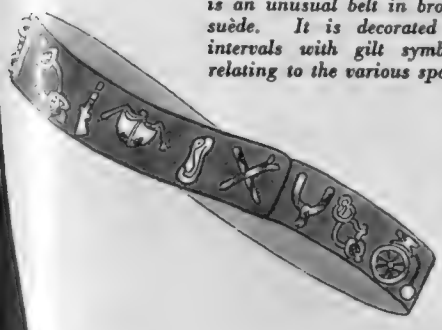
An alternative outfit is seen on the right. The plus fours are a new note, and cost 3 guineas. They are made out of specially prepared and proofed tweed in a soft shade of blue. A Donegal tweed double-breasted jacket accompanies them. This is man-tailored, lined with silk, and available in various colours, including navy, for 3 guineas. Jaeger's have designed all their wool jerseys and tweed jackets so that they can equally well be worn at home for golf and country wear generally. The wind-jackets are particularly good for motoring. A white rucksack piped with blue, for 10s. 6d., will hold lunch, skins, and spare gloves, etc. White spats and chrome gloves with knitted cuffs in a contrasting shade are also included. These cost 10s. 6d., while a brushed wool scarf for 9s. 6d. is an added protection

Lenare

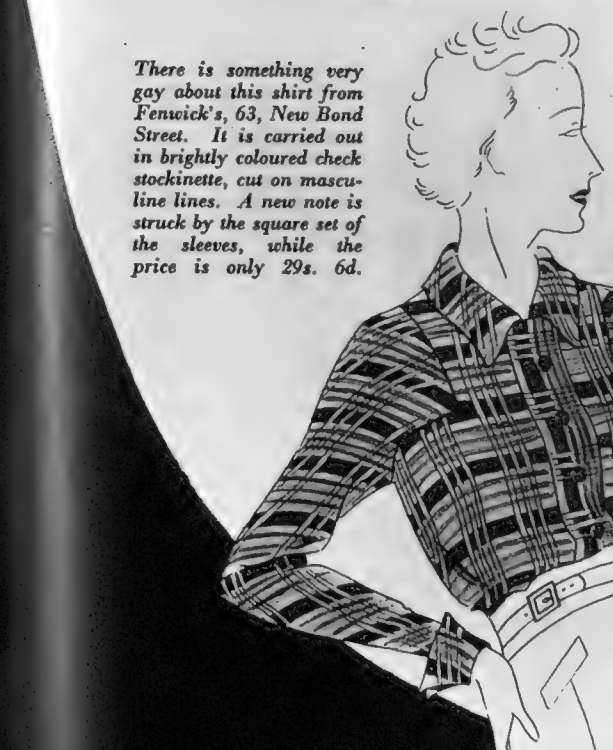
in search of NOVELTIES

Since Winter Sports are of topical interest, Finnigan's are showing delightful ski-ing accessories. Pictured is a set consisting of cap, scarf, and gauntlet gloves. All three are knitted in thick wool, with contrasting bands of colour

Something new in the way of accessories has been designed by Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street. The golfing belt pictured above is made of leather, fitted with coloured tees and a watch which tucks into an inside pocket. Below is an unusual belt in brown suède. It is decorated at intervals with gilt symbols relating to the various sports



This decorative reading lamp would make a very acceptable Christmas gift. A dancing girl is depicted by the china figure resting against the chromium stand, while the parchment shade is enlivened with pink braid. It costs 33s. 9d. at Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street



There is something very gay about this shirt from Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street. It is carried out in brightly coloured check stockinette, cut on masculine lines. A new note is struck by the square set of the sleeves, while the price is only 29s. 6d.

Felt is the material used for this delightful cap and scarf, designed by Fenwick for sports and country wear. They are available in the loveliest of colours, and only cost one guinea the set. There are several designs, including the postman's cap

The dressing jacket on the right may also be seen at Fenwick's. It is expressed in a new quilted material, called "chouquette," with a floral design. The revers are faced with plain silk, and the price is 35s. 6d.

Women's Golf:

Weather and Miss Wethered

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Diana Fishwick is here seen with T. S. Winton and her partner, Miss Sylvia Bailey, during the match between her team of women golfers and Cambridge at Ashridge. Receiving six strokes in every match, the women very nearly swept the board, winning by 14 to 4 and Miss Fishwick and her partner won both their foursomes and singles

Miss Isabella Rieben and Miss Joyce Wethered examine their card to see where their strokes come during the match against Cambridge. Miss Wethered was in great form throughout the day

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THERE really have been some very unpleasant days, so far as weather is concerned, this autumn, and one of the worst descended on the poor, hapless heads of the W.A.S.A. meeting organised by *Fairway and Hazard* at Burhill. Players kept admirably cheerful, as they always do when Miss H. V. Smith and her coadjutors sit behind the starting table, and the Golfers' Cot Fund had a great windfall, started by the threepenny-bit which somebody found on the floor—*il faut s'amuse* indoors when outdoors is so uninviting; there was one really good score of 79 from Mrs. Clarke, and Miss Janet Jackson did the sixteenth hole in one, so that the day was far from being accounted a failure, although so many players found the thirteenth green conveniently near to the club-house.

MRS. CLARKE has a nasty hoo-doo over that last hole, which cost her a seven this time, but 77 really would have been too good for all expectations with the wind, the rain, and the inevitable heaviness underfoot. I knew that she must be doing well when, about the twelfth hole, she waved me a warning to keep away, lest I break the magic spell, but had to content myself watching the majority of other people ruining their cards or tearing them up. That was on the old course. As for nine-hole foursomes on the new course, few faced them except those who played there early before starting on the bigger business of the medal round: Mrs. and Miss Cumberlege won a multiple tie with 3 down.

THE weather looked almost as unpromising three days later for Miss Diana Fishwick's match against Cambridge at Ashridge, and Captain Richardson was sad to think that his course, which had been in such superb order until then, should be seen after seventy-two hours' almost continuous deluge. However, the sun shone at intervals and the course was quite dry enough for everyone to find it extraordinarily delightful, and the golf was first-class, and everybody in the best of tempers.

IT really was a very great occasion, because Miss Joyce Wethered was playing—the first time anybody had seen her do so since her American tour, and, as it happened, only the second time since then that she has played at all. How she can pick up the game again after nearly two months without it passes comprehension, if one did not know that her methods are so sound, her temperament so perfect, that she can do what would spell disaster for other folk. To be truthful, she did play some quite bad shots in the morning foursome, and if the Cambridge captain and German Open Champion, J. S. L. Lyon, and his partner, P. W. Dunning White, had not been a little overawed at the idea of giving the illustrious lady's side six strokes, and if Miss Rieben's chipping had not been extremely good, then Cambridge might quite well have won that point instead of losing it. The foursomes, in fact, were a matter of three all, none too promising from the ladies' point of view. However, in the afternoon they fairly fell upon the University and J. W. D. Goodban was the only man who could give his five strokes and win.

Miss Wethered, by then, had played herself back into form, and if she dropped one or two shots, that was obviously due to lack of practice, and I am convinced that she is an even greater player now than when she went to America. I do not know Ashridge from back tees, nor the huge hitting of Lyon intimately enough to say much about length: I have seen Miss Wethered play as perfectly controlled spoon shots and pitches before, but not for a long time have I felt such utter confidence in her on the green as now. The new grip, the left hand on top and its first finger pointing down the shaft, has made short putts a mere matter of routine again, and as for the long ones, a mighty lot of them lipped the hole. Lyon played great stuff, but 37 out only left him square, and seven holes later he had lost by 3 and 2, Miss Wethered having got thus far in an approximate two over fours for the sixteen holes. There was quite a crowd watching, many of whom had never seen her play before, and their delight was intense.

Others were playing thoroughly well, too, only nobody gives the same impression of being able to go on doing it again and again. It is enormously pleasant, too, to watch the University teams; they hit the ball so far and so sweetly; the game is played so fast, and there was altogether a most delightful atmosphere about the match, helped no little by the creature comforts of the Ashridge club-house.

I SUPPOSE soon we shall have to get serious. Committees are meeting, agendas are being drawn up, officials elected. However, while there is the Golf Ball in prospect (Thursday, December 12th), at Grosvenor House, tickets from £1 1s., including buffet supper, from Mrs. Elphick, of 118, Harley Street, or Mrs. Geoffrey Toyem, Sussex House, Little Sussex Place, golfing life is not too entirely solemn. St. Mary's Hospital must have a bumper Jubilee Golf Ball, like every other good cause in the year 1935, and there is such good fun to be had in the doing of it, too. More about it another time.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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4/6

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(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways)

A ski-ing field in the Grisons: the ascent to the Jakobshorn, near Davos, where sunshine and snow are to be found in abundance

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways)

The Wengen landscape: lovely ski-ing tours are one of the outstanding characteristics of this popular Bernese Oberland resort

Painting Switzerland White

A Winter Sports Panorama

ANYBODY (if there is anybody who is anybody) who has never actually eye-witnessed the winter scene in Switzerland, may infer from pictures and hearsay that it is all very odd indeed. Friends who are, in normal life, distinguished by their quietness of demeanour and dress, are liable to be discovered suddenly hurtling with incredible swiftness down incredibly steep slopes, and wearing clothes that are somewhere between those of the diver and the professional footballer. Magnates (of one sort and another) whose usual wont it is to tread the drawing-room floors of London with something of the portentousness of the greater mammals, assume a grace that is little short of swanlike once they get a pair of skates on their feet. Languor, as a pose, gives way to agility and apple-cheeks; people who are essentially nice seem somehow to become even nicer for falling about in the snow; people who aren't quite so nice become much funnier . . . the Swiss scene is certainly very odd indeed.

EXACTLY where to go is an equally difficult question for those who are going for the first time as for those who are as regular as migrating birds in their general direction. Any Swiss resort in the early days of the season is rather like the scene on the telegraph wires when the swallows are newly returned. Only the perches are rather more comfortable. Indeed, one is so accustomed to taking the Swiss hôteliers' command of comfort as a matter of course, that the really astounding comfortableness that they achieve comes as a fresh surprise every time. If you want the lap of luxury, you can sit in it in any of the big resorts. If you want an inexpensive holiday (and it is still possible to have one in Switzerland, despite the currency antics of the day), there are plenty of small hotels and pensions in the large places, as well as the little ones, where you can be sure of eating well, sleeping well, and (presumably, if you concentrate enough) ski-ing well. Incidentally, it is worth knowing that through Cook's in London one can now book rooms at about a hundred hotels, scattered over different parts of Switzerland, which is certainly a very useful facility.

FOR winter sports purposes, Switzerland is roughly divisible into four territories. In the west is the Bernese Oberland; Wengen, Mürren, Grindelwald, and Scheidegg are the best-known names here, and their continued popularity with English people is well deserved. Wengen is reached by mountain railway from Lauterbrunnen, and is itself connected in the same way with the Jungfraujoch, 11,000 ft. above. A fine variety of ski-ing fields is within easy reach—fields where the snow lies as deep and crisp and even as any that good King Wenceslas ever looked out on—with gradients as suitable for the novice as for the expert. It is one of the most generally popular of all the winter sports places, and gains fresh devotees every year.

MÜRREN is also reached from Lauterbrunnen and also enjoys a fine view of the peaks of the Jungfrau range. It is starting a skating school, which should succeed, since learning to skate, like learning to ride a horse, is not quite as easy as it looks. Kandersteg is another good "all-round" place in the Oberland, with a particularly fine bobsleigh run.

IN the east is the Engadine and the Grisons. Names like Pontresina, Davos, Arosa, or Klosters look well on luggage, especially if it is your own and you are going to one of them. Of the lovely resorts with easy access to the snowfields of the Bernina group, none is more attractive than Pontresina. The Bernina scenery is some of the best that Switzerland has to offer, which is saying a good deal, and the place itself is admirably "appointed" in all that concerns the amenities of life.

Arosa, too, is an outstandingly good place for ski-ing, and, like Pontresina, goes in for organised enjoyment; the days seem to open with sporting events and close with fancy-dress parties from one month's end to another.

Klosters used to be spoken of as a "coming" place. Now it has arrived. The Parsenn mountain railway has opened up some first-rate new ski-ing fields, and a good ski-ing school is there for the benefit of beginners.

Davos is what might be termed the father of winter sports resorts—if only there weren't the fear of such a description making it sound old-fashioned, which it certainly isn't. It, too, like Klosters, is much indebted to the Parsenn railway.

NEXT comes Central Switzerland; Rigi-Kaltbad, Engelberg, and Andermatt are the outstanding names. Rigi-Kaltbad is a relatively new arrival in the winter sports field, and still retains something of its pristine charm: a good place for a quiet holiday, and fun as a change from the more familiar summer landscape of the Lucerne district, in which it is situated. Engelberg has two specialities: the only covered curling-rink in Switzerland, and an air cable-railway which, in conjunction with the local funicular, enables one to ascend 2500 ft. in twenty minutes. Andermatt, high in the fastnesses of the St. Gothard, has forty varieties of ski-tour to test the ability of the enthusiast.

THERE remains French Switzerland—Caux and Villars are the best-known places—and Zermatt, the extreme southern outpost of winter sports resorts. Caux has a lively social programme, as well as luge and bobsleigh runs two-and-a-half miles long. Villars is in a marvellous position, 4000 ft above the Rhône Valley. Zermatt, with the Matterhorn as background, has an unsurpassed reputation among ski-ers. . . . What an admirable place Switzerland is!

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• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Snow in the Vosges: the ski-jump at La Grange-Paveleuse, near Gérardmer, a winter sports resort of growing popularity in Eastern France

The Mountains of France

Winter Sports in the Vosges, the Pyrenees, and the Alps

THE French people, always remarkable for the variety of their interests, have added to them yet another one. Since the war they have taken a strongly marked turn in the direction of everything *sportif*, including *sports d'hiver*. One cannot, somehow, picture the characters in a Maupassant short story going off to the Vosges for a rollicking holiday on skis. But to-day that is just what people in Paris actually do. They have discovered the Vosges in winter. And they have discovered ski-ing.

The Vosges district is only about seven hours by train from Paris. On account of its accessibility alone, therefore, it deserves more attention than it has received up to the last year or two. English people who pine for a few days' ski-ing as an antidote to the ills of winter might go much further without faring better. The Vosges aren't high mountains in the sense that the Alps are high mountains. There is no rugged grandeur about them. No precipices. But they are high enough for good, deep snow, and their smooth slopes make marvellous ski-ing fields.

The district has long been popular for summer holidays, and most visitors to eastern France have passed a day or two at lovely Gérardmer, or at Bussang. The same landscape, transformed by winter, is no less attractive—the air retains its remarkable clarity, only there is a new spice of freshness about it that is thoroughly stimulating. The hotels which were comfortable in summer are no less comfortable in winter, while the facilities for planned ski-ing tours could not be more thorough. At Gérardmer itself there are two skating-rinks, a good bobsleigh run and all the other amenities that exacting tastes demand. There is a fine jump only a quarter of an hour away from the town and a regular motor-coach service up to the Col de la Schlucht, over three thousand feet above sea-level. Another height in this neighbourhood, the Hohneck, is also easily accessible.

Ventron, a village served by motor-coach from Bussang, is an equally good centre, the mountains round about it being all of altitudes of approximately three thousand feet. A little to the south, again, is the beautiful "Ballon d'Alsace," where there are good hotels

(*Continued on page* ii)

EASTERN RAILWAY OF FRANCE

WINTER SPORTS AT GÉRARDMER

FREQUENT FÊTES AND COMPETITIONS ARE ORGANISED EVERY YEAR

ALTHOUGH the Summer Season at Gérardmer is very pleasant and presents many features of interest, the Winter Season is no less attractive. Its situation at the foot of mountains, with easy summits and gentle slopes with an altitude of between 2,000 and 4,300 feet, makes Gérardmer a natural centre for Winter Sports. There are frequent snowfalls and sharp frosts, but the air is dry and healthy through the period from the end of December to the end of March.

The tracks and skating rinks are at the very gates of the town. Every sport can be indulged in on the same day; SKI-ING, LUGEING, BOB-SLEIGHING, SKIJOR-ING, SKATING, ICE-BOATING.

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WINTER SEASON

1935-36

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SPORTS EVENTS:

In December and January	VIENNA: International Ice Hockey Tournament.
In January	BADGASTEIN (Salzburg): Toboggan & Ski Races
25th January	BAD ISCHL (Upper Austria): Austrian Ski Mastership.
17th to 19th February	SEEFELD (Tyrol) International Ski Jumping and Slalom Competition, International Skating Competition.
21st and 22nd February	INNSBRUCK (Tyrol): F.I.S. Races, 1936. (Ski and Slalom Competition of the Fédération Internationale de Ski.) In connection with the F.I.S. Races from February 17th to 24th numerous Winter Sport Events: Curling, Skating, Ice Hockey, etc.
22nd and 23rd February	SEMMERING (Two hours from Vienna): International Bobsleigh Race. 1st March: International Ski Jumping of the Masters for the Zimdin Cup.
23rd February	KLAGENFURT (Carinthia): International Ski Jumping.
23rd February	KITZBUEHEL: International Ski Jumping Race.
29th February	LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg): Madloch Race, Ski Racing.
3rd May	ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg): May-Ski Race.
31st May	HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia): International Glockner Ski Race.

SOCIAL EVENTS:

25th January	VIENNA: Opera Ball.
25th January to 3rd February	VIENNA and SEMMERING (near Vienna): International Bridge Tournament of the Austrian Bridge Ligue.
6th February	VIENNA: Ball of the City of Vienna in the Town Hall.
In January and February	Artist Balls, Hunter Balls, Balls Masqués, Costume Balls.
8th to 14th March	VIENNA: Vienna International Fair.

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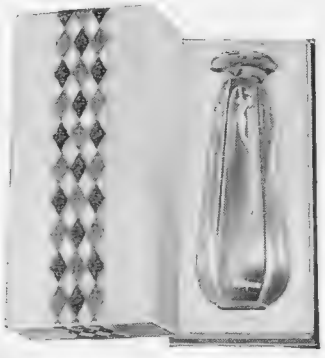

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• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

The Mountains of France

(Continued from page 346)

and a variety of interesting tours which, without being too strenuous, provide some astonishingly long, uninterrupted runs.

Mention must also be made of the northern part of the Vosges, which is reached from Saint-Dié or Fraize. Here is the beautiful Lac Blanc, and the Hautes Chaumes, a lovely landscape which one cannot tire of exploring. There is no doubt that the Vosges have found a permanent place on the winter sports map.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of Photo. Studio Sorg and Stein)

Pyrenean peaks: a typical snowscape seen from Luchon Superbagnères, where, in addition to ski-ing, there are splendid facilities for every kind of variation on the winter sports theme

It is a long leap from the Vosges to the Pyrenees, but here again the French are busy realising winter sports potentialities. The Pyrenees are a very large and steep range of mountains: just how large and steep it is difficult to appreciate until you have come down one of them face first, trailing your skis behind you. At the same time, there are nursery slopes where the novice may take his first faltering steps without dismay, and anyway, Pyrenean snow is quite deep enough to be comfortable. Luchon Superbagnères is one of the star resorts of this part of the world. It enjoys the initial advantage of being six thousand feet above sea-level, and yet completely sheltered from wind by the surrounding peaks. On every side are vast ski-ing fields; it has facilities for jumping, also for lugeing and bobsleighing, while adjoining the hotel itself there is a large skating-rink. Also, there is a ski-ing school, with ten instructors, and the fact that they have their hands full from December till March is in itself an indication of the popularity of the place. Superbagnères is connected with the town of Luchon, three thousand feet below it, by a rack railway, and it is possible to ski down there by as many as four different routes, returning at ease by train.

Cauterets is another place to be recommended, as it is an excellent centre for trains to the Marcadeau district. Here five valleys join, and the scenery is extraordinarily attractive, with refuges to meet the needs of those who want to get to know them thoroughly. At Cauterets, too, there is a ski-club, and under its auspices a great number of competitions are organised every winter.

If the new resorts are becoming more and more popular every year, the old ones are not getting less so, however. Mont Blanc, towering high above Chamonix, is a spectacle of glittering beauty that can nowhere be surpassed, and the Savoyard Alps are firmly established in the affections of many people who had their first taste of winter sports in that neighbourhood and who ask for nothing better than to go back there every season.

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CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1935-36

1935	
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas.
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS.
1936	
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 26	Monte Carlo Opera—Season opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours)	1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d. 2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d. 30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.
AIR (7 hours)	Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.
SEA (7 days)	1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22 2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons Ltd., and all travel agencies.

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FOR

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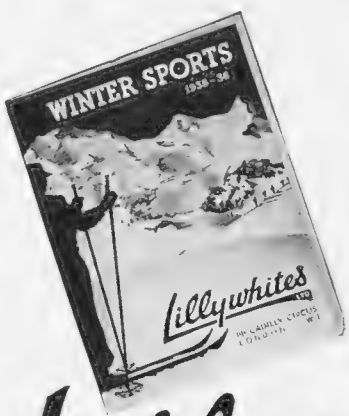
TROUSERS only . . . 37/6



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Piccadilly Circus

• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

A Glance at Central Europe

Winter Sports in Austria and Czechoslovakia

THERE is an extraordinary fascination about the mountain landscapes of central Europe, whether seen in winter or summer. And there is an extraordinary fascination about the people; about the villages they live in, the dialects they speak, the costumes they wear. Indeed, in this last case, the fascination has proved so strong that nowadays one is liable to have an eye put out in any London bus by the Tyrolean feather in one's neighbour's hat. And yet how much may be forgiven a Tyrolean feather, provided only it is reminiscent of the Tyrol. What a grand place for a holiday!

Kitzbühel is the name on everybody's lips now, and yet, apart from a single season's special fame, it is no more remarkable than any of the little mountain towns, with their main streets of gaily coloured wooden houses, and their churches, so small that they might almost have come out of a child's box of toys. True, the snow is particularly good thereabouts—but so is it likely to be everywhere in the Tyrol, and on the higher slopes it will remain good until close on the beginning of April.

The other best-known winter sports district of Austria is the Arlberg, in the western corner of the country. St. Anton is the great place here, and it, too, has acquired a lot of fame during the course of the last ten years. Now it is the headquarters of a famous ski-ing school, and of skiers who like to undertake really fine tours. Also, it has the merit of being on a main line, and only twenty hours distant from London.

ONE does not have to be a prophet to predict a great future for Czechoslovakia as a winter sports centre, even though, at a first encounter, the names of its mountains may appear more formidable than ever their slopes could be. Take, for instance, the Krkonoše, a range situated north-east of Prague, on the German frontier. Here is a marvellous playground for winter sportsmen, with well-marked ski-ing routes between the peaks, huts, hotel accommodation, good food, and a real spirit of hospitality. The same is true of the High Tatra mountains, away to the east. The High Tatras are one of the most impressive ranges in Europe, and with the growing popularity of winter sports, the time will not be long in coming when they are as familiar to us as the Alps.

Winter in the High Tatras: that ski-jumping is taken seriously in Czechoslovakia is evidenced by the construction on the left. This is at Štrbské Pléso, one of the best-known resorts

SNOW SPORTS WEAR

Mr. W. R. BRACKEN

three times British ski-running champion will be in daily attendance in the Snow Sports Department until the middle of December to give advice.

PROOFED SERGE SUIT.

B92. Cut on lines suitable for all figures, has inside pockets and elastic at side of waist. The trousers are lined with waterproof material across seat and at knees. In Black or Navy. Chest sizes: 34ins., 36ins., 38ins., 40ins. Price **79/6**
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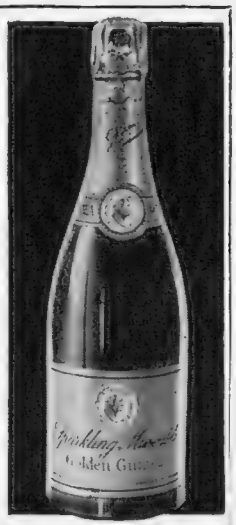

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POUDRE ANGELUS *a creation of* Louis Philippe 4/6

TREASURE FROM SCOTLAND

THE FAMOUS GROUSE BRAND WHISKY
Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, Scotland

Red Flannel

(Continued from page 328)

approached their village, as he climbed into the very topmost branches, risking life and limb, they attacked. In a swirling, shrieking cloud they threw themselves upon him, but without effect. Jan reached a nest, took out a young bird, placed it in his side pocket, buttoned over the flap, and rapidly began to descend, surrounded and hemmed in by a mob of furious birds screaming and clamouring for vengeance.

WINTER had blown itself away. It had failed, as for centuries past, to fell the elms and to strip the thatch off Top Farm. Spring had returned, and with it the rooks. Accurate to a day, they had begun to build again, building high, as promise of a fine summer.

Jan Belcher merely smiled his twisted smile.

He was in his barn, and, by the light of a hurricane lamp—for it was not yet dawn—he was engaged in cutting up one of Betsy's old red flannel petticoats with a pair of sharp shears. Sitting on a milking-stool, he fell to stitching rapidly and skilfully, the while he kept looking up for the first streaks of dawn. His work completed, he crossed over to the large cage where a magnificent rook, with glossy black coat, watched him with head a-tilt and all the centuries of wisdom in his eyes. He was a wonderful specimen, for old Jan had spared no pains in his upbringing. He took him from the cage, fondled him awhile, and, as dawn came out of the east, cast him forth into the air he had scarcely known, muttering from the Psalms as he did so.

The bird flew low at first, and then, rising, circled twice, as though in salute, and came to rest with a loud squawk in the topmost branches of a high elm. Jan crouched down under the low eaves of the barn and watched the tree-tops with the face of a marble statue.

As the light strengthened, so did the rooks begin to wake and go about their business. Jan watched them hopping from twig to twig. As he sat watching, he noticed them desert one tree and all congregate round it in a circle. There were hundreds of them, and in the branches of the centre tree, lonely and chattering intermittently to itself, sat one rook—the rook he had nurtured with such care. The light was strengthening every minute. The lone rook spread his wings and swooped to the ground in the field beyond. To Jan's amazement, every rook in the trees did likewise and, flying on the arc of a circle, came to earth a hundred yards behind. Step for step the crowd behind followed him up the drill. He rose and returned to his tree. Each and every one of them did likewise! The silence in those crowded tree-tops was uncanny and foreboding.

As the light became full, as the first rays of sun struck over the hill, rookland seemed to be seized with a madness. They arose in a black, swirling whirlpool, like immense black bees, swarming. For more than a minute they continued thus. The squawking, the flap of wings, and the bursting of twigs was deafening as they wheeled in and out, in and out of the trees. In the midst of the turmoil something fell to the ground, and the whole crowd turned as one bird and fled down the morning sky.

Before the sun was clear of the hills there was not a rook to be seen around Top Farm. "Volucres cæli," muttered Jan, coming forth from his hiding. With his foot he spurned the eyeless, featherless corpse of a beautiful young rook, dressed in red flannel!

"Volucres cæli," he repeated, and burst into high, falsetto laughter.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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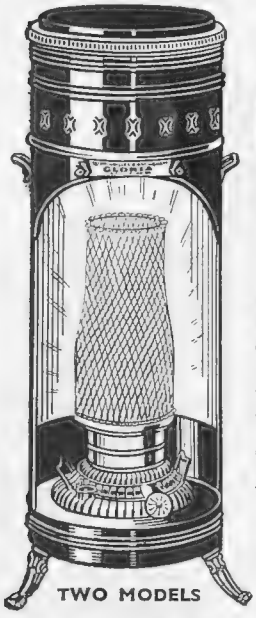

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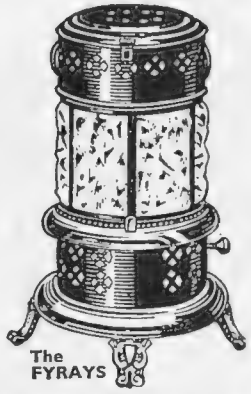

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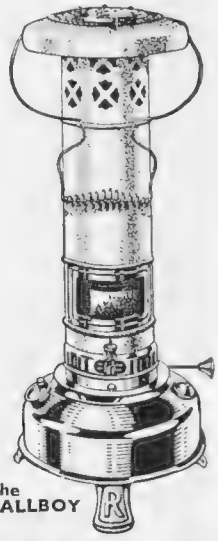

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What to Wear for Winter Sports

Enjoyment Amid the Alps

No one who has experienced the thrill and excitement of winter sports amid the snow-clad peaks of Switzerland and Austria can ever resist paying a second visit. There is something in the cold, sparkling air, the hot sun and the brilliant colouring which makes a unique appeal. The question of "kit" and equipment is an important one, and it is as well to seek the advice of an expert before buying. Mr. W. R. Bracken, three times British ski-running champion, is in daily attendance in the Winter Sports Department at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, and his vast experience is of the greatest help, especially to novices. He advocates long trousers both for men and women, though plus fours are rapidly growing in favour. They are not, however, recommended for beginners as, although comfortable in ordinary wear, they have the disadvantage that, after a fall, snow sticks to the stockings, which sometimes causes cold feet. Short jackets are good for women, though in the case of a full figure they should be cut double-breasted and just covering the hips. So far as boots are concerned, it is fatal to economise, and they should always be hand-made.

Ski-ing in Comfort

The outfit pictured on the left has been designed by the Army and Navy Stores, and consists of black and white check plus-fours in proofed serge for 49s. 6d., a scarlet sweater with a high neck, and a white "Grenfell" cloth wind-jacket, which also costs 49s. 6d. The latter is specially designed to keep out wind, rain and snow. It is made to fasten well over across the front, and is fitted with elastic at the sides, which prevents it from riding up. A knitted head-band with ear-protectors completes the scheme, together with white spats with red leather facings, and a rucksack or "bun bag" in waterproof twill. There are also white Tyrolean hats with coloured bandeaux that are very becoming, and brightly-coloured caps of ali shapes

What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

TOSCA: to-night, 8.

THE BARTERED BRIDE (Smetana).—First performance here: November 21st, 8.

BORIS GODUNOF: November 23rd, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: November 23rd, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

DOUANES, RIO GRANDE, BLUE BIRD, CARNAVAL: November 22nd, 8.30.

BAISER DE LA FÉE (Stravinsky).—First performance, RAKE'S PROGRESS: November 26th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—*Un Peu de Paris* is the new show here; Syd Lipton plays dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The "Jardin Fleuri" includes good cabaret; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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LOVELY SUNNY MADEIRA

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• GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review o
Weddings and Engagement

Kay Vaughan

Virginia Clive

Is the second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Percy Archer Clive, M.P., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Clive, of Whitfield, Herefordshire, and is engaged to Stephen Wynyard Kaye, the second son of the late Mr. H. Wynyard Kaye, and of Mrs. Kaye, of Broughton House, Melksham, Wilts

Bertram Park

Thelma Ruck-Keene

Is the daughter of the late Mr. R. E. Ruck-Keene, and of Mrs. Willis-Fleming, of Hayward's Heath, Sussex; her wedding to Arthur P. C. Lyons, the only son of Colonel Sir Henry Lyons, and of Lady Lyons, of 3, York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1, will take place next month

Bassano

Betty Elderton

Is the daughter of Capt. Ferdinand Halford Elderton, C.M.G., D.S.O., Royal Indian Navy (retired), and of Mrs. Elderton, of 6, Ailsa Road, St. Margaret's, Middlesex; she has announced her engagement to R. A. Ayton, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Ayton, of Lingfield Avenue, Kingston-on-Thames

Bassano

Mary Barrett

Is the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. F. G. Sumner, and the niece of the late Mr. M. F. Barrett, and of Miss Barrett, of The Brackens, Ascot; she has announced her engagement to D. R. Wight-Boycott, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. B. Wight-Boycott, of Ranchi, India

Pearl Freeman

Kathleen Kingston

Is the only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Kingston, and of Mrs. Kingston, of Toronto, Canada, and she has announced her engagement to S. Wingfield Digby, the elder son of Colonel F. B. Wingfield Digby, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wingfield Digby, of Sherborne Castle, Dorset

Bassano

Margot Scott

Is engaged to marry Frederick John Pascoe, of 12, North Court, Wood Street, Westminster, S.W.1, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Pascoe, of Truro, Cornwall; she is the daughter of the late Colonel F. J. Scott, and of Mrs. Meg Scott, of 49, Wilton Crescent Mews, S.W.1

Bassano

Evelyn Fowler

Is the daughter of the late Rev. Sir Montague Fowler, Bt., and of Lady Fowler, of Inverbroom House, Lochbroom, Ross-shire, and is to marry Douglas Hamilton Watt, the youngest son of Mr. G. Watt, K.C., Sheriff-principal (retired) of Inverness, Elgin and Nairn, and of Mrs. Watt, of Circus Gardens, Edinburgh

Marya Walker

Is the eldest daughter of Major Harold Walker, and Mrs. Walker, of The Abbey, Malton, Yorkshire, and she has announced her engagement to Reginald Dekyn Lund, of Thirladean, Selkirk, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lund, who live at Ashfield, Malton, Yorkshire

Bassano

Nancy MacGregor

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacGregor, of Scawthorpe Hall, Doncaster, Yorkshire; she is engaged to be married to Gordon Bowie, 2nd King Edward's Own Gurkha Rifles, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Bowie, of 2, Margaretta Terrace, London

Lenare

Mary Baker-Wilbraham

Is the second daughter of Sir Philip Wilbraham Baker-Wilbraham, Bt., and Lady Baker-Wilbraham, of Rode Hall, Cheshire, and she has announced her engagement to Elliott Perkins, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Perkins, of Westwood, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Bassano

Annet Richardson

Is the only daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Richardson, and of Mrs. Richardson, of Temple Cottage, Farnham Common; she has announced her engagement to A. W. Pirie, the second son of the late Col. Pirie, and of the Hon. Mrs. Pirie, of Chateau de Varennes, Savennieres, M.-et-L., France

Marsali Seal

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Seal, of 1, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and Rondels, Cookham Dean, Berks, and is engaged to Rose de Winton Kelsall Winlaw, the elder son of the Rev. G. P. K. Winlaw and Mrs. Winlaw, of The Rectory, Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire

Fisher — Hawkshaw

Harold Morton Fisher, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), and Ruth Cicely Hawkshaw, the daughter of Mr. Oliver Hawkshaw, of Chisenbury Priory, Marlborough, Wiltshire, and of the late Mrs. Hawkshaw, were married quietly at the Church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield

Below: Capt. J. C. Barnetson, Royal Army Medical Corps, the son of Dr. Balfour Barnetson and of Dr. Elspeth Barnetson, of Edinburgh, and Joan Milner Moore, who were married recently. The bride is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel E. Milner Moore, Royal Army Medical Corps (Retired), and of Mrs. Milner Moore, now residing at Mill Hill, N.W.7

Barnetson — Milner Moore

Rugge-Price — de la Peña

Charles James Napier Rugge-Price, Royal Artillery, the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Rugge-Price, Bt., and of Lady Rugge-Price, of Beaucroft, Wimborne, Dorset, and Maeve Marguerite de la Peña, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. de la Peña, of Hythe, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Folkestone

Salt — Francis

Left: Lieutenant George Stevenson Salt, R.N., the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas and Lady Salt, of Hook Court, Beaminster, and Lilian Bridget Francis, the daughter of Mr. F. S. Francis, of Wilkinthroop, Templecombe, and of the late Mrs. Francis, were married at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Horsington

Right: Lieutenant Henry Thomas Robert Bonham, R.N., the second son of Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Bonham, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Bonham, of Chapel St. Claire, Penzance, and Winifred Georgina Walter, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Walter, of St. Sampson's, Guernsey, were married at the Oratory, Brompton

Bonham — Walter

Franklyn — Curling

John Arden Franklyn, the elder son of Capt. Henry Arden Franklyn and Mrs. Franklyn, of New Place, Shedfield, Hants, and Diana Mary Curling, the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. Bryan James Curling, D.S.O., and Mrs. Curling, of Vernon Hill House, Bishop's Waltham, Hants, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Severin — Holme

Mark Severin, the son of the late Professor Severin of Ghent University, of Avenue Jules Lejeune, Brussels, and Nina Holme, the elder daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Holme, editor of "The Studio," and of Mrs. Holme, of The Old Rectory, Rivenhall, Witham, were married at the Roman Catholic Church, Witham

Lee — Thornycroft

Charles Romer Lee, the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Romer Lee, of Barrow Court, Galhampton, Somerset, and June Isabel Thornycroft, the younger daughter of Sir John Thornycroft, K.B.E., and of Lady Thornycroft, of 5, Chelsea Embankment, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Rowell — Humphrey

Robert Maingay Robin Rowell, the younger son of the late Sir Herbert Babbington Rowell, and of Lady Rowell, of Redesmouth House, Bellingham, and Anne Lushington Humphrey, the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. P. Humphrey, of The Priory, Stradbroke, near Diss, were married at All Saints' Church, Stradbroke, Suffolk

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 20—November 26

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—Greer Garson makes an excellent "butterfly" in this Divorce Court play revived: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Duke of York's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microscosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Exquisite acting by Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet, Laurence Olivier is a controversial Romeo, John Gielgud is Mercutio, and produced the play: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews and Ursula Jeans all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A beautifully acted production of Tchekov's melancholy play, with Marie Ney, Vivienne Bennett and Nancy Hornsby as the sisters: Old Vic, 8 (except Mondays). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—Ronald Squire and Yvonne Arnaud team up again in a play by Peter Traill: Daly's, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence; headmen are Malcolm Keen and Wyndham Goldie: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.—Comedy song-and-dance show; with Jim Gerald, Elena Lenska, and Rex Evans: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 68.—Meggie Eaton, Doris Barry sing; so do Geoffrey Denton and Doreen Dalton; Ivor Beddoes, Bobbie Stuart and Frederick Hargreaves dance; and Eric Barker and Ken Blain are humorists: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

"RIVALS!"—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—New musical comedy, with Riviera atmospehre and a big company, including Leslie Henson, Florence Desmond, and Louise Brown: Gaiety, 8.15.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best things in it: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: now transferred to St. James's.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE INSIDE STAND.—A Wodehouse crook play for Ralph Lynn, plus Olive Blakeney: Saville, November 21st.

A ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Ruritania musicality, with Ramon Novarro and Doris Kenyon as stars: His Majesty's, November 22nd.

VICKY.—Bernard Merrivale wrote it; Aileen Marson, Barbara Everest, A. Scott-Gatty and Jack Melford are in it: Garrick, November 25th.

CINEMAS

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—Sylvia Sydney and Herbert Marshall in the story of a middle-aged man who falls for a young girl. There are plenty of witty lines in the dialogue: Plaza.

BROADWAY GONDOLIER.—Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are teamed up in this musical, which tells how a taxi driver becomes a radio star: Regal.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthews in her first film since *Evergreen*; Sonnie Hale, Griffith Jones, Anna Lee and Alfred Drayton lend good support: New Gallery.

KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY.—Edmund Lowe and Dorothy Page in a fast-moving story of gangsters, dance-halls and cabaret singers. Also *The Affair of Susan*: Capitol.

LA BANDERA.—Annabella is in this melodrama with a Spanish setting, and Jean Gabin plays opposite her: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen, and it 's not what it was expected to be: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—A drama of the old Russia with Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward: Leicester Square Theatre.

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS.—Claudette Colbert at her best in an entertaining story: Empire.

STORM OVER ASIA.—Pudovkin's film starts a season of memorable Soviet pictures: Forum, Villiers Street.

STORM OVER THE ANDES.—Jack Holt in a first-rate, quick-moving tale of adventure: London Pavilion.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

THE TUNNEL.—A strong story of big finance, engineering marvels, and heroism. A notable cast is headed by Richard Dix and Leslie Banks: Tivoli.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts Vaughan Williams' Fourth Symphony, Elgar's Enigma Variations, Boccherini and Schumann 'Cello Concertos (Pau Casals): Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

R.P.S.—Harty conducts the L.P.O. in the first performance of Bax's Fifth Symphony; Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson: Queen's Hall, November 21st, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O.; programme includes Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Dvorak's Piano Concerto in B. minor (Piatigorsky): Queen's Hall, November 24th, 3.15.

PRAGUE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Vaclav Talich conducting Beethoven's Second Symphony, Smetana, Dvorak, Vivaldi: Queen's Hall, November 26th, 8.15.

Recitals

HEIFETZ.——Queen's Hall, November 22nd, 8.30.

RICHARD TAUBER, JAMILA NOVOLNA and LISA MINGHETTI: Queen's Hall, November 23rd, 8.30.

EDWIN FISCHER: Wigmore Hall, November 23rd, 3.

ALEXANDER KIPNIS: Wigmore Hall, November 26th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page viii*)

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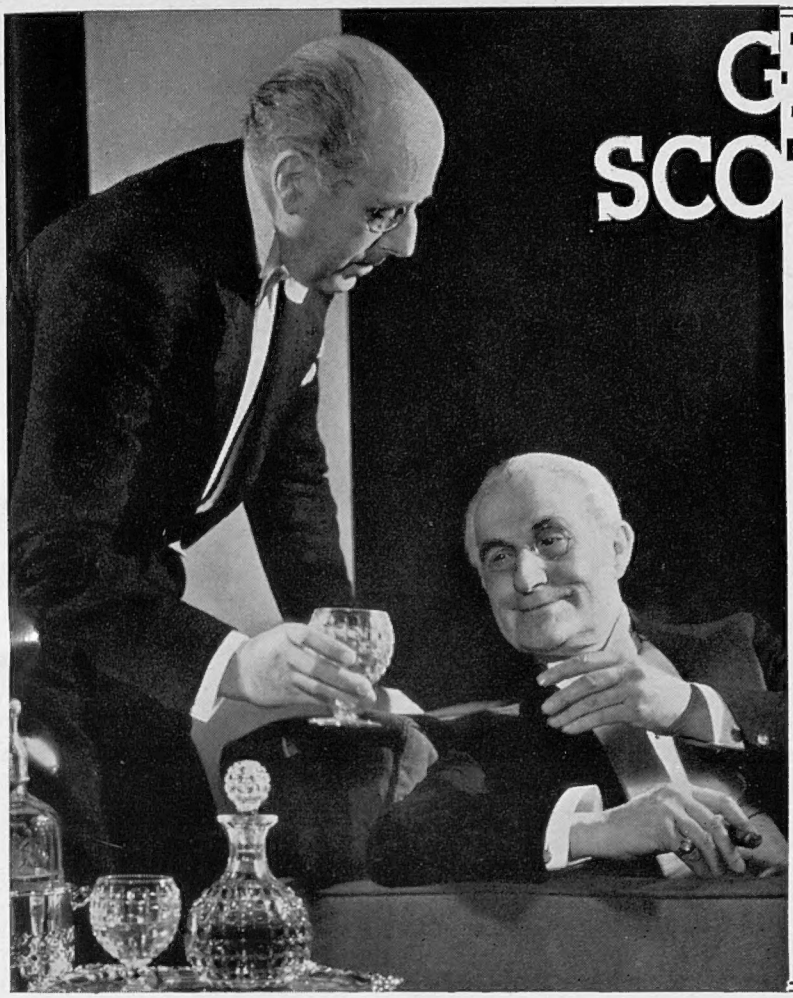

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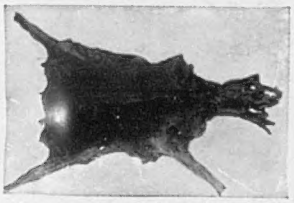

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